

LDY WITH WINGS THE LIFE STORY OF MY WIFE AMELIA EARHART by GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

MAR. 11,
1939

★ Libby 5¢



REVERE F.
WISTHOFF

ERNARD SHAW ANSWERS FREDERICK L. COLLINS ABOUT LADY ASTOR

"AMERICA'S FINEST"

a Salute to **OREGON**

"The Beaver State"
ONE OF "AMERICA'S FINEST"

State Capital is Salem—The State Population is 1,022,000. Largest City, Portland—Its Population is 302,000.

DO YOU KNOW......that Oregon has more than five hundred billion feet of standing timber—enough to reach from the earth to the moon and back 200 times?...that some of Oregon's trees are 300 feet high—twice as high as the Statue of Liberty?...that the annual salmon catch is valued at over \$2,000,000?...that Oregon has a greater variety of climates than any other state?



Watch for other advertisements in this series saluting the 48 states—"America's Finest"

Eighty Million Gallons Insure the Taste of "America's Finest"

Four years ago... the House of Seagram gave America its pledge that the finer taste and bouquet of Crown Whiskies always would be maintained.

Seagram has respected that pledge. With infinite patience the master blenders who create these whiskies have kept them faithfully uniform.

The distinctive flavor and aroma of Seagram's 7 and 5 Crown Whiskies will never vary, never change. Wherever you buy Seagram's you always can be sure of the identical Crown taste—"America's Finest." Always remember to say Seagram's—at "America's Finest" bars and package stores.

CROWNS TASTE BETTER—BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

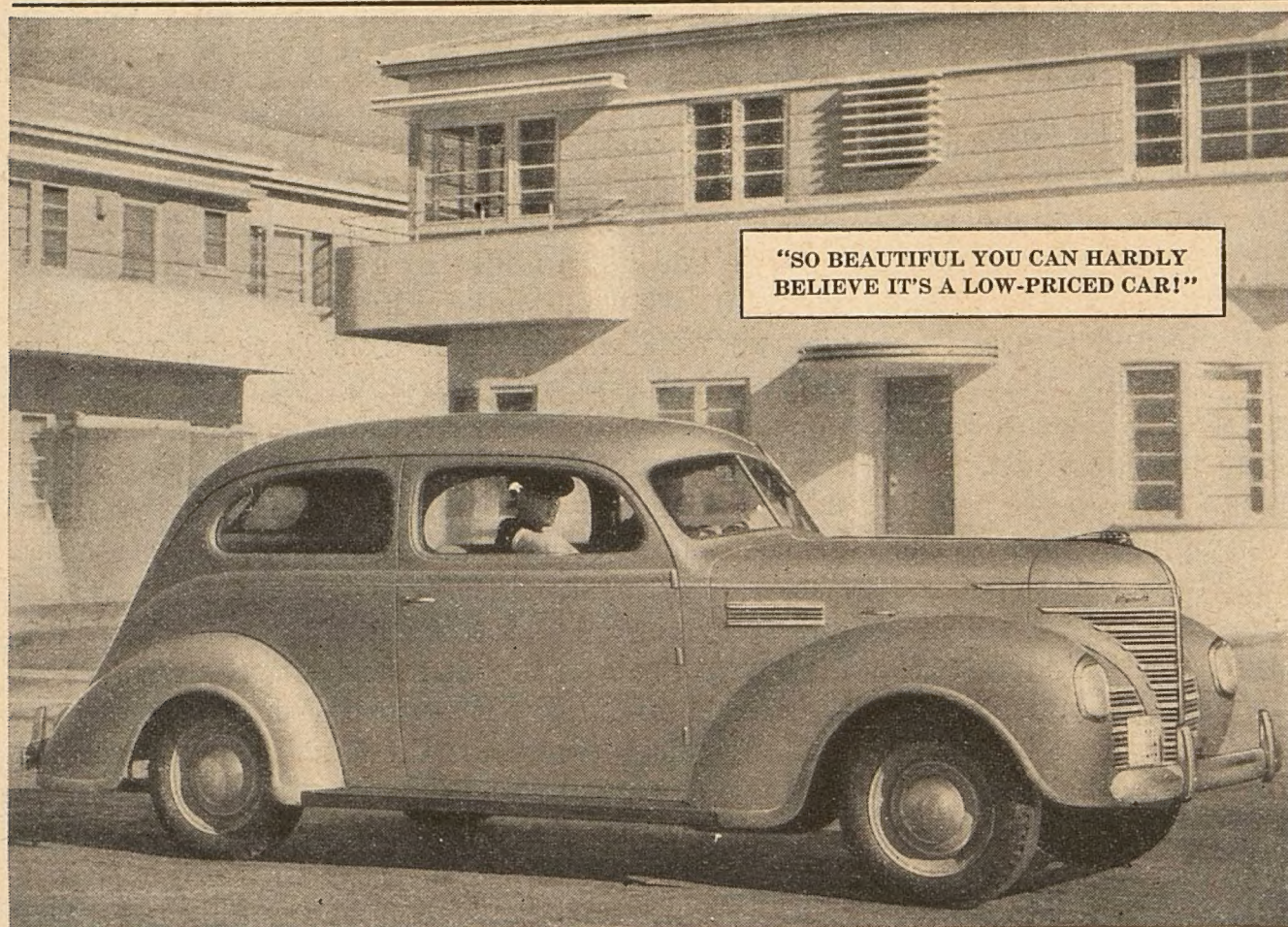
"America's Finest"

Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

ALL COMPARISONS PROVE PLYMOUTH THE Biggest Buy of Low-Priced Cars

ONLY
PLYMOUTH
HAS ALL THIS
GREATER
VALUE



"SO BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN HARDLY
BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

ALL PLYMOUTH MODELS—"Roadking" and "De Luxe"—have rust-proofed Safety-Steel bodies.

COUPES START AT \$645
SEDANS START AT \$685

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cu. ft.) Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

STANDARD equipment on "De Luxe" models at no extra cost—Perfect Remote Control Gear Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission. Shifting is much easier—more convenient...and there's nothing new to learn.



HERE'S YOUR CHANCE to get the biggest, most beautiful low-priced car ever built—at thrifty prices—the year's best buy!

Plymouth is not only biggest of the leading lowest-priced cars...but you get the thrill of full power *without* sacrificing economy.

Try Plymouth's smooth new ride. Get the "feel" of its True-Steady steering...its new shifting and braking ease...*today!*

Of the leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is the biggest—5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!

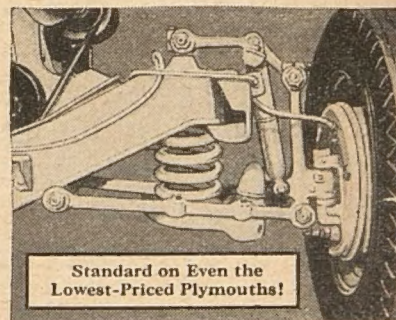
Every Plymouth model has the same big 82-horsepower "L-head" engine—giving full power *plus* great economy.

The only low-priced car with front coil springs on *all* models as *standard equipment*.

The only low-priced car with steering-post gear shift as *standard equipment* at *no extra cost* (De Luxe models).

Easy to Own... your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price... balance in low monthly instalments.

Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, C. B. S. Network, Thurs., 9 to 10 P. M., E.S.T.



A MARVELOUSLY SMOOTH ride is the result of Plymouth's new Amola Steel coil springs.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

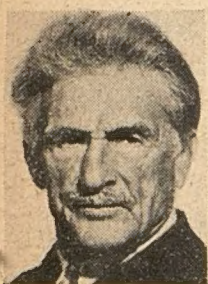


BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

INTELLIGENCE!! FOR GOD'S SAKE GIVE US INTELLIGENCE!



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

We are supposed to be living in a very progressive age. Our average intelligence is supposed to be way beyond that of previous generations.

We have compulsory education. We have the radio and the various beneficent organizations that have for their purpose the dissemination of knowledge of various kinds.

But we are an ungrateful people as a class. We have but little appreciation of the good things we have enjoyed. The more we get the more we want, and the more dissatisfied we become.

Among the various human defects, ingratitude is doubtless the worst. Conversely, gratitude—appreciation of the good things that come to us—is absolutely essential to give one mental balance.

If you haven't the intelligence to be thankful for the good things of life, then automatically you are not able to acquire the knowledge essential to secure a repetition of such favors.

Being thankful for beautiful weather, for the glowing sunlight, does not necessarily add to the number of sunny days. But being thankful for favors from a friend is especially important if you want a continuance of his good will.

Being thankful for a good job is absolutely necessary for its continuance. If you do not care for your job you are not a good workman. You have thoroughly to appreciate employment before you can apply yourself with the keen interest necessary to become a worth-while employee.

And the bunk that passes for sound reasoning in official quarters at this time is pitiful, for results

of such sophistry have brought us indebtedness of billions of dollars and an unemployment record that is at an all-time high.

If we had had intelligent government in the last few years we would have climbed out of this depression as we did in former difficulties of a similar nature. But crackpot reasoning together with the inclusion of various isms into our legislative activities has brought disastrous results.

That "high wages and high prices bring prosperity" is the product solely of shallow reasoning. Such procedure simply lessens demand and increases unemployment. And in the end those who secure the high wages cannot buy as much with their wages as they could during the low-wage period.

Many of us are minus the intelligence to realize that wages must be measured in purchasing power and not by dollars and cents. It is how much you can buy with wages that determines a standard of living.

In a recent investigation it was found that a factory worker in the United States can buy four times as much food and clothing with one hour of work as a German worker, nine times as much as an Italian worker, and nearly twelve times as much as a Russian worker. And yet we find many of our workers advocating foreign isms whereby regimentation of workers in some instances is not unlike slavery. And absolutely the only excuse for such false conclusions is the lack of intelligence.

I can only repeat—

Intelligence!! For God's sake, give us INTELLIGENCE!

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 23, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, \$2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year. In all other countries, \$4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Copyright, 1939, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

P-S-ST!

**G-E IS SELLING
100 WATT MAZDA
LAMPS FOR 15¢**



SEE how one family uses them for Better Light-Better Sight



1. What's wrong with Mother's reading in bed? Nothing, if she uses a 100 watt G-E bulb, either in a bedside lamp or a pinned-up IES Better Sight lamp.



2. Homework's almost fun for Teddy with a new 100 watt G-E bulb in an IES Better Sight lamp like this to speed up work, and protect eyesight.



3. And to think Dad never knew before that the new 100 watt G-E bulbs cost so little! Try one in *your* reading lamp tonight! They stay brighter longer!

Other low prices on brighter bulbs for Light-Conditioning

Enough light in enough places for easy seeing without eye-strain. That's light-conditioning! Get a package of 100 watt and other G-E bulb sizes you need for eye protection. They give more light this year.



150 WATT... for IES lamps, kitchen, game room, home workshop. Only..... **20¢**

150 WATT Silvered Bowl lamps make it easy and inexpensive to have soft, indirect light..... **65¢**

MAZDA THREE-LITE lamps for 3-light IES floor lamps, or fixtures, 100-200-300 watt..... **60¢**

75, 60, 40, 25 WATT only..... **15¢**

The new and brighter Mazda lamps made by
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Says... MRS. C. E. McCARTHY OF
UPPER MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY,
ABOUT A RECENT PULLMAN TRIP:



"It's such a
friendly way to travel"

"... THE OLDER YOU GET—the more thankful you are for 'friendly comforts.' And that's why I'm writing this letter. I've just returned home after visiting in Chicago with my brother and his family. And I think you will like to know how much the comforts of a Pullman trip contributed to my happiness . . . →

"... Generally, I don't like people waiting on me. I'm too independent, I guess. But I didn't feel that way about my porter. He was so quiet and unobtrusive about giving me a bag to protect my hat—about getting me extra pillows and hanging up my coat, that I hardly noticed he was doing these things—and many others, too, that added materially to my pleasure.



"... and one's fellow travelers can add to that feeling of comfort, too! It turned out that the friendly lady I had supper with was a grandmother. We had a grand time talking about the grandchildren in our families.



"... I was most agreeably surprised at the amazing convenience and roominess of the women's dressing room. Here again—thanks to perfect lighting, large mirrors, plentiful towels and hot water—comfort is the keynote!



"... I'm glad I took the whole section. It costs so little more than a lower berth—and I just can't get over the extra comfort and privacy it gives you. It's been a long time since I had such a restful night's sleep!"

PULLMAN Offers You This Friendly Service at Surprisingly Little Cost!

People like the "friendly comforts" of traveling Pullman so much, that thousands—like Mrs. McCarthy—tell us each year how thoroughly they enjoyed their trips!

You, too, will like this feeling of being completely "at home" in a Pullman. And we know you'll be surprised to learn how little extra it actually costs to go Pullman. To enjoy the comforts of this *safest, most*

dependable transportation in the world!

When you plan your next trip, ask your ticket agent for details on today's surprisingly low Pullman prices. In the meantime, send for our new free booklet, "Life on a Pullman." It's a fascinating word-and-picture story, telling how you can get the most out of your next Pullman trip. Write to THE PULLMAN COMPANY, Dept. L2, CHICAGO, ILL.

Copyright 1939, the Pullman Company



Go RAIL AND
Pullman

THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY TO GET
THERE...WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE

A liberal to liberals! Liberty
welcomes a fighting Irishman
and an "uninvited intrusion"

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

1st January 1939.

Dear Sir:

The enclosed, which speaks for itself, is not a professional contribution. The publicity which you can give it in the United States is all I desire to gain by it.

The Astors have become the representatives of America in England; and any attack on them is in effect an attack on America. As they have gained that position solely by being a transparently good couple underneath the irrepressible vitality of Lady Astor, which explodes in all decent directions, it is important to genuine good relations between the two countries (now very important politically) that the American press should stand by the Virginian lady.

That is what makes me think that the last word should not be with Mr. Collins, who has done his best with all the outside information within his reach, but who evidently does not know Cliveden as well as I do.

Forgive my uninvited intrusion.

Faithfully,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

To the Editor of Liberty,
New York City.

HERE in distant Britain I have just picked up a page of Liberty, dated the 17th December, containing part of an article on Colonel Lindbergh by Mr. Frederick Collins. The page was not about the Aviator Colonel, but about Lady Astor; and it contained the clearest and most complete statement of the Cliveden legend that could be compressed into four columns. It was written not only with literary skill, but with unmistakable conviction. Nothing will persuade me that Mr. Collins does not believe every word he wrote. He has carried his conviction, I fear, to every reader of Liberty.

I have been at Cliveden: I have spent weeks there. I am a frequent visitor at the London house of the Astors in St. James's Square; and I have met there all the aristocrats and Diehard Conservatives of whom Mr. Collins has given such an imposing and perfectly truthful hand-picked list. I have met the editor of the Times there, and the editor of the Observer. Both papers

LORD AND LADY ASTOR

BERNARD SHAW
answers
FREDERICK L. COLLINS
about
LADY ASTOR



belong to the Astor family. So far, all the materials for the legend seem complete.

Let me leave it at that for a moment to remark that there is nothing unusual, suspicious, or improper in rich and influential families entertaining and organizing friends of their own political complexion and party, or in owning a daily newspaper and a weekly one. There must be in the United States many country houses, social centers of party organization, in which the New Deal is regarded as a repudiation of American civilization, and President Roosevelt as a worse bugbear than Stalin. But nobody condemns these political opinions or the legitimate activities which follow in a free country. Consequently I have to point out that if Mr. Collins' picture of Cliveden were photographically exact it would furnish no case whatever against the Astor family or their guests.

But though exact it is not complete. Cliveden is like no other country house on earth. Mr. Collins' list of noble conspirators is authentic; but you meet these aristocrats at Cliveden because you meet everybody worth meeting, rich or poor, at Cliveden. You meet the Duchess of Atholl; but then you meet also Ellen Wilkinson, the Leftest member of the Labor Party in Parliament. You meet Colonel Lindbergh, the friend of Herr Hitler's chief of staff; but you meet also Mr. Charles Chaplin, whose dislike of the Nazi rule is outspoken to a degree which must seriously threaten his interests in Germany. You meet the Marquess of Londonderry, descendant of Castlereagh and so far to the Right that he was too much for even the existing "Nationalist" Cabinet, with his famous majestically beautiful wife; but then you meet also ME, an implacable and vociferous Marxist Communist of nearly sixty years' standing, with MY beautiful wife. By simply suppressing Mr. Collins' list and extending my own, I could prove that Cliveden is a nest of Bolshevism, or indeed of any other bee in the world's bonnet.

Ask any one who knows English society about it, and they will tell you that what is extraordinary at Cliveden is the apparently reckless indiscriminateness of Lady Astor's hospitality. According to English notions all Americans are insanely hospitable. But Lady Astor is phenomenal even among American hostesses.

Really, however, her hospitality is by no means indiscriminate. You don't meet dull people at her house; and you don't meet immoral people. She is essentially an eclectic hostess. She has a healthy stock of prejudices, the strongest of them very anti-Conservative. Country-house Conservatism usually supports "the Trade" (the Drink Trade); and the trade supports it. It regards the Church of England as a vital part of itself. Lady Astor fights the trade all the time with her gloves off, regardless of the votes controlled by the publicans and the scurrilous leaflets they circulate about her. She ignores the Church of England and goes with all her family to the Church of Christ, Scientist. She has no political philosophy, and dashes at any piece of kindly social work that presents itself, whether it is an installment of socialism or a relic of feudal patriarchalism. In the House of Commons she is the most vital member, and was certainly the most disorderly until her disorder became a national institution on its being recognized that her interruptions were not only more effective but more useful contributions to debate than the speeches she interrupted.

NOW let us look at her alleged fellow conspirator, her husband, Viscount Astor, more often spoken of familiarly as Waldorf. He began his political career by introducing a bill in the House of Lords to enable peers who objected to titles to get rid of them and become ordinary unprivileged human beings. The Upper House thereupon fled from him in terror, and left him a man marked as having American ideas, and being honest, incalculable, independent—with initiative: hopeless disqualifications for official employment or Cabinet rank. His latest exploit was an attempt to limit the outrageous testamentary power by which a British property owner, in a fit of temper or in permanent malice, can leave his widow and children destitute. Here again he failed; but something had to be done about it later on, leaving him

in the popular position of being able to say, "I told you so, you parcel of dunderheads."

Meanwhile he has his own views on agriculture, which he takes no pains to disguise. He spends his substance lavishly on public welfare in Plymouth, in spite of the fact that his attempt to divest himself of the family title acquired by his father very nearly cost him his whole inheritance, and did cost him a good deal of it. He breeds race horses but does not gamble on the turf. In short, he spends his life doing public work and getting no credit for it except from the private friends who know about it.

But, I shall be asked, how is it possible that a man can own the leading European daily newspaper and the foremost British weekly one, and be so little known, and that often so mistakingly? The editors of these papers, being frequent visitors at Cliveden and St. James's Square, know quite well that the Cliveden legend is a grotesque invention from the first word to the last. But there is never a trace in their papers of the Astor ownership. James Garvin, who has edited the Observer for thirty years, has a roaring personality and a raging though perfectly lucid pen. He has a terrifying mental endowment, including a Newtonic memory and omniscience which has enabled him to edit the Encyclopaedia Britannica as well. He is irremovable simply because the job of discovering any one fit to replace him would involve an exploration which nobody would care to undertake.

Geoffrey Dawson, editor of the Times, with a quieter but not less tough personality, is equally irreplaceable. He has had a thorough education as an English gentleman of the upper class, and honestly believes his countrymen specially endowed with qualities in which they are as a matter of fact conspicuously and incorrigibly deficient, and he has a veneration for English established institutions which they are very far from deserving. With this equipment, and plenty of general ability, he is able to edit the Times with complete integrity; a feat of which I, for instance, would be utterly incapable.

BOTH editors are in impregnable positions, and therefore ungovernable. Nancy and Waldorf are equally ungovernable in their several ways. Waldorf has been known to say that the Times represents his views; and as it most certainly does not, I conclude that he never reads it. Nancy has no time to read anything, as all her scanty spare time is taken up by a host of relatives, some of whom are always ill, except when one of her innumerable sons has broken his collarbone. I entreat her to leave them to die, as nobody can combine public life with private philanthropy; but my advice is forgotten at the next alarm. At all events, neither Nancy nor Waldorf ever makes the smallest use of their papers. Any other pair of newspaper proprietors who were also members of Parliament would have their personal political activities preluded by a series of special articles; but you may read the Times and the Observer for a year without discovering the existence of the Astors and their hobbies.

As to their being deep in Machiavellian plots for the subjection of the human race to Fascist control, with Virginian Protestant Nancy conspiring with General Franco for the restoration of the Inquisition in Spain, and with Herr Hitler for the extermination of the Jews and uncompensated confiscation of their property or of any one's property, I should find it far easier to suspect President Roosevelt and Mr. Cordell Hull of conspiring to revoke the Declaration of Independence.

I hope I have now succeeded in substituting credibly human portraits for the stage phantasms of the Cliveden legend. I have undertaken that task because the legend is not only dishonorable to America (where, however, it was not invented) but part of the silly notion that big historic changes can be effected by the country-house cliques of a wicked British aristocracy, and that Herr Hitler, who has earned the devotion of what the said aristocracy calls the lower middle classes by a socialization of property unparalleled anywhere except in Russia, is the type of ruler whom it is conspiring to establish in England.

Never has a more senseless fable got into the headlines.

THE END



*"Dad, we're buying our new Ford tomorrow"
"Fine - but be sure you get Universal credit service"*

Universal Credit Plans, Without Red Tape . . . Designed Exclusively for Ford Products . . . This Nation-wide Service Costs No More!

There's a low-cost, reliable, business-like way to buy your Ford on monthly payments. It's been proved—and approved—through ten years by more than 4,000,000 customers of Ford dealers. Courteous, economical, time-saving Universal service offers you—as a Ford customer—special advantages you get nowhere else! *See your Ford dealer first for financing.* Here are reasons why:

Broad Insurance Coverage. Every Universal Plan buyer receives a copy of his insurance policy covering such important things as fire, theft, collision and other hazards.

Personalized. Universal Plans are offered in several groups—with enough variety to enable you to pick the one that suits your convenience.

Low Cost. In spite of their many advantages, Universal Plans cost no more, yet provide nation-wide service.

Convenience. Only one man—your Ford dealer—arranges your complete Universal Plan. With many other time-payment methods you see at least three different people. But your Ford dealer simplifies the transaction in one place, at one time, with practically one stroke of the pen!

Nation-wide Protection. Universal is a national organization—giving national service. In case of accident, fire or theft, *even while away*, quick help is as near as the nearest Ford dealer who is familiar with Universal plans and procedure.

Continued Cooperation. Universal and your Ford dealer want you for a repeat customer. Continuous friendly relationships and courteous service are assured.

ARRANGE TIME PAYMENTS FOR YOUR FORD WHERE YOU BUY IT!



UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY

Send for these free booklets before you buy your car!

○ UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan
Please send me:

- ☐ "The Easy Way to Own a Car", or
☐ "How to Pick a Good Used Car"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

LADY WITH WINGS

The Life Story of My Wife, AMELIA EARHART

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART ONE—A BRIDE-TO-BE SPEAKS HER MIND

ON our wedding day—at that very moment we were awaiting in my mother's house in Noank, Connecticut, the judge who was to marry us—she handed me the letter she had written. A strange time for a letter! But one glance at her quiet serious face told me that the letter was important to her. I opened it and read:

"Dear GP:

"There are some things which should be writ before we are married. Things we have talked over before—most of them."

In penciled longhand—written with a visible and terrible kind of care for each word that it be fair and honest (a slip or two meticulously corrected; a few words crossed out, replaced with others)—it continued:

"You must know again my reluctance to marry, my feeling that I shatter thereby chances in work which means so much to me. I feel the move just now as foolish as anything I could do. I know there may be compensations, but have no heart to look ahead.

"In our life together I shall not hold you to any medieval code of faithfulness to me, nor shall I consider myself bound to you similarly. If we can be honest I think the difficulties which arise may best be avoided.

"Please let us not interfere with the other's work or play, nor let the world see our private joys or disagreements. In this connection I may have to keep some place where I can go to be myself now and then, for I cannot guarantee to endure at all times the confinements of even an attractive cage.

"I must exact a cruel promise, and that is you will let me go in a year if we find no happiness together.

"I will try to do my best in every way . . ."

The letter was signed simply, "A. E."

I wonder if any man, before or since, has received at such a moment such a letter as Amelia Earhart gave to me. A sad little letter, brutal in its frankness; brave and beautiful in its honesty.

Deeply personal as it is, I considered carefully before making it public here. Finally, I decided it has a place. This is her story. And in that remarkable letter is documented her character, her striking integrity and independence, her important feminine viewpoint—in short, the structure of a gallant inward spirit.

At least twice she had refused marriage. To her, in a sense, marriage meant sheer sacrifice. In her heart she knew that she must keep freedom in a measure not always possible in marriage.

In her high-school days AE had been known as "the girl in brown who walked alone."

In 1928, the year that she first flew the Atlantic, the year that her public career first began, I had become closely associated with her as a counselor.

As late as 1930 she had written to a dear friend:

"I am still unsold on marriage. I don't want *anything* all of the time . . . I think I may not ever be able to see marriage, except as a cage, until I am unfit to work or fly or be active—and of course I wouldn't be desirable then."

On that morning when she handed me the letter, she was dressed in brown. Brown suit. Beneath it, as I recall,



Amelia Earhart at seven—at the beginning of the career that ended tragically in the Pacific in July, 1937. The picture at the right dates from '22. The one at upper right was taken at Rogers Airport, and shows Amelia with her instructor Neta Snook (left).

a casual crepe blouse with a turndown collar. Brown lizard shoes. No hat, of course. Her thought was for none of the externals of the wedding ceremony; her clothes were as simple and forthright as herself.

For three years I had been counselor to "the girl in brown who walked alone."

For the next seven—until that grim day when she vanished—I was to be both helper and husband to a girl in brown who had agreed—even I can only guess how heroic had been her ultimate decision—no longer to walk alone.

We were married on February 7, 1931.

IN 1856 a Lutheran minister moved his brood of children from western Pennsylvania to Kansas, where, at Midland College, a small Lutheran institution just outside Atchison, he held the chair of Hebrew and Greek. Here was born the youngest of his twelve children—a boy who was named Edwin.

Young Edwin S. Earhart, by shining shoes, building furnace fires, holding horses, and tutoring, managed to earn his Kansas University degree in 1894. He entered law practice. Handsome, brilliant, irresponsible, and spectacularly poor, he promptly fell in love with Amy, favorite daughter of Judge and Mrs. Alfred Otis.

Judge Otis was one of Atchison's pioneer founders and leading citizens. He looked quite without enthusiasm upon the love of Edwin for Amy. "When you can prove to me," he said, "that your law practice has netted you not less than fifty dollars a month for six consecutive months, then you can marry my daughter. And not until then."

To his dismay, the young man returned in six months with such proof. On October 18, 1895, Edwin S. Earhart and Amy Otis were married.

Of that union were born Muriel and Amelia Earhart.

Much of their childhood was spent in the stately home of their maternal grandparents, where in 1898 Amelia had been born. She grew to lanky, towheaded girlhood. Early she showed a bent for adventure. With the help of



"I spun until I saw clear weather above the world I knew."

her sister and of Lucy and Katherine Challis, her cousins, she constructed a roller coaster. Pilfered clapboards and fence rails made its "track." The car was made of a piece of board and roller-skate wheels. The ridgepole of a shed became the official starting place and AE the initial tester.

She shot down the steep incline; came to disaster at track's end in a nasty spill. She picked herself up, dusted off her clothes, turned gray and rather scornful eyes on frightened playmates.

Was she hurt? "Of course not," she said. "We need more track, that's all."

The others wanted to abandon the project. But not Amelia. The track was lengthened. She climbed up on the shed again, shoved off, shot down—and finished right side up. She shouted triumphantly to the other girls:

"You must try it! Why, it's flying! I flew!"

To her elders, it was far too much like flying. A few nights later the roller coaster was dismantled.

On the whole, however, AE and her sister, in an environment extremely conservative, enjoyed a singular freedom from convention. Their mother felt that anything unusual was educational. She let them wear gymnasium suits with full-pleated bloomers that, in those days, were downright revolutionary. She encouraged them to bring into the house anything that interested them, from shiny pebbles to toads.

Their father, too, was exceptionally broad-minded. He had never been permitted, as a boy, to fish on the Sabbath. He now thought fish always bit better on Sundays, and often took his daughters along to test the theory with him.

Arrestingly, the one who knew her best brings back to you a lovely lost flyer

The Earhart girls lived perpetually in a world of healthy make-believe. In imaginative games Amelia was always the leader. She and Muriel had two imaginary children of undetermined parentage. These children, very real to them, were named Laura and Ringa. Each day, Amelia and Muriel held long earnest conversations with the two. Years later, when Amelia was being interviewed by some one whom she believed to be prying unduly into the personal side of her life, she would startle and mystify her questioner by a quick allusion to "my little girl, Ringa."

She early filled her schoolbooks with drawings of creatures which, for some forgotten reason, were known as "deejays." They had something of a Krazy Kat flavor, and in a copy of *Ivanhoe* they are to be found jousting and blowing trumpets.

From First Reader days on, books were a joy to the Earhart youngsters. Each night the two, dressed in nightgowns and bathrobes, sat before the fireplace sipping milk while their mother read to them from Miss Mulock's fairy stories or Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*. Later, there were the adventures of *Nicholas Nickleby*, of *David Copperfield*, and of *Oliver Twist*.

On Sunday evenings the readings consisted always of

Bible stories or of chapters from Pilgrim's Progress.

When they learned to read for themselves, there were exciting raids upon Grandfather Otis' well stocked library, which harbored the thrillers of such authors as Oliver Optic and Jules Verne.

Both children had a taste for poetry, and enlivened household chores by chanting dramatic stanzas from Horatius at the Bridge.

Because they loved animals, they loved stories about them. After reading Black Beauty they became so incensed at persons in the neighborhood who drove their horses with tight checkreins that they began to patrol Atchison's streets on their bicycles, searching out evil-doers. They lectured delivery boys, who sneered at them and refused to uncheck their horses. Undaunted, they would wait until the boy left his wagon, then uncheck the horse themselves.

A milkman spotted Amelia one day as she unchecked his horse. She ran home and hid in the washtubs on the back porch. He followed, pounded on the door, and stormed that he "had a mind to take that brat down to jail."

A neighbor owned a beautiful high-spirited mare named Nellie which he housed in a makeshift shed. Unprotected from the hot sun, she nearly went wild. One day, as Muriel and Amelia sat watching on a rail fence, her master led her out and put a sharp and vicious curb on her.

She reared and bucked, while he cursed her and beat her with his riding crop. Trembling, plunging, she threw him and galloped wild-eyed down the road as far as a railing along the brink of a stream.

Amelia used to say that, just there, the Angel of Wild Things must have whispered to the little mare that it would be better to die.

Whatever the facts, Nellie jumped the railing and plunged into the rocky stream ten feet below. They found her broken body, the next day, by the mill dam a mile downstream. Amelia and Muriel learned with unashamed satisfaction that Nellie's master's leg was broken. Mrs. Earhart prepared a neighborly offering of food for him. Both little girls—white of face, but firm—refused to carry it over to his house.

Long years afterward, Amelia came upon a poem that she read to me. It was called The Broncho that Would Not Be Broken of Dancing, by Vachel Lindsay. When she finished reading, we both smiled and said: "Nellie!"

When she was a gangling pig-tailed kid of six, she and Muriel pridefully possessed a great shaggy dog of uncertain antecedents and temper. They called him, aptly enough, James Ferocious. Toward the world at large he was homicidally antisocial. With the little Earhart girls he was meek.

ONE day some big colored boys came and teased Ferocious, tethered by a chain in the back yard. A boy would step within range and, as the dog leaped at him, would jump back to safety. The fun was in seeing Ferocious jerked off his feet by the chain.

They tried to play the joke once too often. The chain broke. The boys, terrified by the snarling black fury, hoisted themselves quickly to the roof of a shed. At that moment AE came around the corner of the house.

"Look out!" they yelled. "He's mad! Mad dog!"

Ferocious, at war with the world, glared without recognition at this new person come to torment him. A low growl, and he charged the six-year-old child.

In later years many persons have singled out one quality in AE and called it courage. It was strong in her childish heart that day. She stood perfectly still where she had halted. "James Ferocious!" she chided mildly. "You've broken your chain and tipped over your water dish! You come right here."

The big dog recognized the voice. Still growling a little in his throat, he looked at her questioningly, then fell in beside her. If he was surprised, so were his tormentors; for AE turned a shrill reproof upon them for having teased the animal. They dropped from the shed silently, squeezed themselves through a slit in the fence, and never came back.

It was shortly after this incident that the Earharts

moved to Des Moines. They were there seven years before, in 1911, circumstances brought about a complete upheaval of AE's life.

Her father's work as lawyer and railway claim agent kept him moving over the entire Rock Island system, and frequently his private car became the Earhart home. He had little respect for the then hard and fast rule that children must, at all costs, be kept in school. He took them out and gave them travel instead.

His irregular hours, his exacting work, and nights of broken sleep on trains finally caused him a nervous breakdown. Reluctantly he resigned his position, and for the first time in fifteen years tried to take a vacation.

From then on, life for the two girls was one change after another. In four years Amelia attended six different high schools; she was finally graduated from Hyde Park High School in Chicago. Perhaps it was just this frequent uprooting that developed in her the ease of manner and facility for making acquaintances which stood her in such good stead in later years.

Summer vacations were spent at Worthington, Minnesota, on the shores of a lake. The girls fished, rowed, swam, played tennis, and learned to ride Western style, with or without saddles.

AE, exhibiting even then an essential aloneness which was ever characteristic, often got up at five o'clock in the morning to practice diving by herself.

CHARACTERISTIC of her, too, was her indifference to tangible honors. During her student days the Junior School arithmetic honors were within her grasp for two years. They were bestowed elsewhere.

"I don't care especially about the prize," she told a friend. "I know that I know how to get the answers just as well as the winner; so does the teacher know I know. So what's the difference who has the medal?"

When later years brought fame she never bothered to read newspaper publicity about her deeds, and this seemed incomprehensible to many persons. Her attitude was:

"Why should I? I know I did it, and you know I did it. So what difference does it make?"

After Hyde Park, Amelia was sent to Ogontz School for Girls at Rydal, Pennsylvania, while Muriel went up to Toronto to attend St. Margaret's. Those who knew Amelia as a girl of eighteen at Ogontz recall her straightforward eager eyes, her poise, her reserve, and an insatiable curiosity that once made her protest because Ibsen's Doll's House was recommended reading while his stronger Ghosts was proscribed.

Both her purse and taste in those days urged her to dress simply. Though quiet and sensitive, she quickly assumed leadership when the faculty decided to disband secret societies; she sought to champion their existence. At the same time, she was enthusiastically recommending a book on America's needs as to labor's rights, and exhibiting marked sympathies for the underdog. One friend of her Ogontz days told me: "She was near-Socialist—or some adventuring new brand."

The world was at war and Amelia busily knitting her share of sweaters when she paid a visit to Muriel at Toronto during her vacation.

One day, walking down King Street, she saw four wounded soldiers hobbling toward her on crutches. A sharper picture of war burned into her consciousness, and she knew in that moment that she would not return to Ogontz. She joined the Canadian Army Medical Corps detachment at Toronto, and began a combination of duties at Spadina Military Hospital that included work as a volunteer nurse, driving the light hospital-supply lorries, and acting as assistant in the hospital's laboratory—work that helped whet her scientific curiosity.

At the end of this interlude she went to California, where her family had moved. She went one Sunday with her father to Long Beach, where an air meet was being held. The thought of flying intrigued her instantly. A pilot was idling near by. AE said to her father:

"Please ask him how long it takes to learn to fly."

Her father came back with the information that it took, as a rule, from five to ten hours.

"Did you ask him how much the lessons cost?"

"No, but I will." Another conference. "He says a thousand dollars. But why do you want to know?"

AE didn't have the answer to that question just then. But one day, from a field that was nothing more than an open space surrounded by oil wells, just off Wilshire Boulevard, Amelia Earhart took her first hop.

The pilot of that plane was the late Frank Hawks.

"As soon as we left the ground," AE later said, "I knew I had to fly by myself. Miles away, I saw the ocean

her yellow Canadian Curtiss (Canuck), and Frank Clark and some of the other boys then around the field had helped her assemble it, finding to their amazement that she had covered the plane's wings herself and had installed no drift wires inside. She never did bother to put them in—but somehow the plane held together.

Aviation in that era was a catch-as-catch-can business. America's first air meets had been held in 1910 at Dominguez Field, between Los Angeles and Long Beach, where the pick of the old-timers, many of whom AE came to know, had performed: pioneers like Glenn Curtiss, Louis Paulhan, Charlie Willard, Charlie Hamilton, Diddie Mason; Lincoln Beachey and Roy Knabenshue, flying dirigibles; Omar Locklear and Skeets Elliott, who spun to flaming death.

There was Dick Grace, too. He still recalls the look on AE's face the time she came out to Ebrates Field to watch him work on a Ruth Roland thriller.

Other old-timers, still flying today, were Ace Braginer, G. G. Budwig, Eddie Bellandie, Frank Tomick, Doc Whitney, E. L. Remlin, and Waldo Waterman, who knew AE quite well.

Still others, their wings now folded in death, were Fred Hoyt, Ken Monte, Howard Patterson, Swede Meyerhoffer, B. H. DeLay, Al Wilson, and Bud Cruth.

Amelia took her first lessons—on credit—from Neta Snook. Neta turned her over for advanced instruction to John Montijo, an ex-army flyer. She paid for everything as she was able—and learning became a long-drawn-out process governed by jobs.

No job, no pay, no fly.

The day finally came when she was ready to solo. She took her plane up to 5,000 feet, played around a little, and landed. Now she must have a plane of her own.

Her mother helped her buy a secondhand plane. It was the only model the builder, a young man named W. G. Kinner, had. He was working, with almost no cash, to manufacture a small plane. In return for the use of her plane to demonstrate, he let her have hangar space.

But there were other expenses—and she needed more work. She took an extension course in photography and equipped herself for a job which she later obtained in a photographic studio. To add to her financial difficulties, a sinus infection laid her low. It took her a year to pay off one fee of \$500.

Muriel came out for a summer vacation, and delightedly went with her, Sunday mornings at dawn, to the airfield. Muriel shellacked canvas wings, bound thin wire struts with tape, or repaired rents in the fabric, while Amelia studied grimy plans drawn on shirt cardboards. If they had gasoline, they flew; if they did not have the price of fuel, they sat and talked flying.

Flyers in those days dressed the part. AE saved twenty dollars and bought her first leather coat. Of patent leather. And then she realized that it looked *too* new. She rubbed away some of the shininess and then slept in the coat three nights in a row.

Only two years after she had learned to fly, she went up one day to set an altitude record, for women, of 14,000 feet. And she did it in the little open-cockpit Kinner Canary, powered by a three-cylinder air-cooled midget engine.

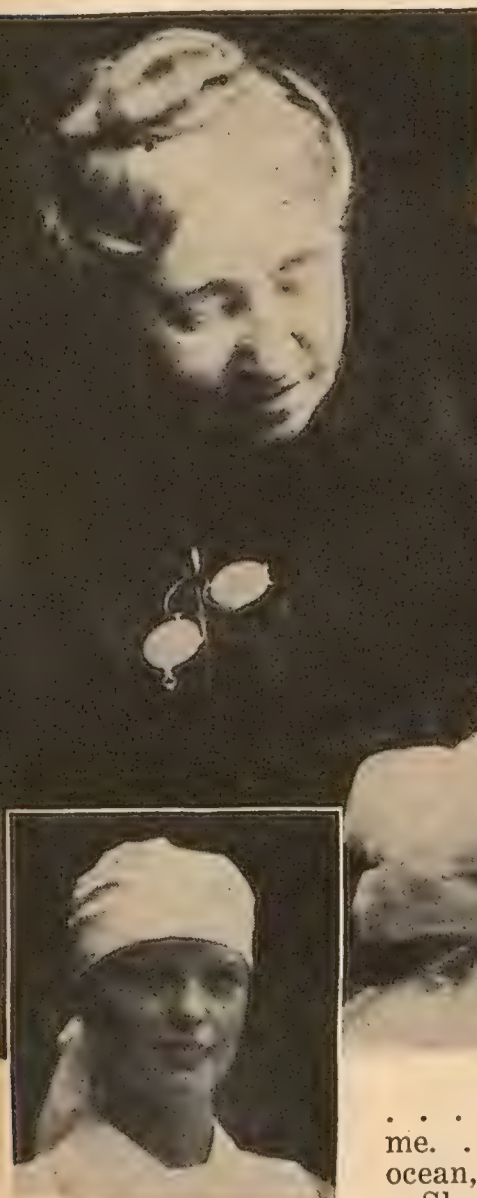
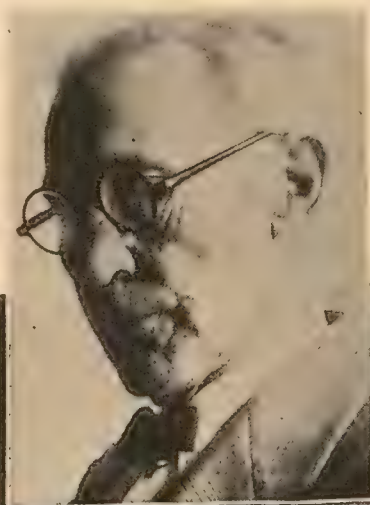
The number one woman of aviation, who was to establish so many records, had set her first. Characteristically, she was not satisfied. She would try again. She went up again one day, and came close to real trouble. She herself has written the best account of it:

"I plunged into a rolling bank of clouds. There was snow inside. It stung my face and plastered my goggles. At 11,000 feet the snow changed to sleet, and at about 12,000 dense fog enveloped me.

"Unbelievably—until you've tried it—human sensations fail when one is thus 'blind.' Deprived of a horizon, a flyer may lose the feel of his position in space. Was I flying one wing high? Was I turning? I tried to keep the plane in flying trim, with one wish growing stronger every moment—to see the friendly earth again.

"Spinning was the quickest way down my inexperience could suggest. And so I spun. Seconds seemed very long, until I saw clear weather several thousand feet above the world I knew. . . ."

Right: Her father—a picture taken as he read the news of her first plane crossing of the Atlantic. Below: Baby Amelia, aged six months. At bottom: In August, '18, as a war nurses' aide in Toronto.



. . . the Hollywood hills smiled at me. . . . We were friends — the ocean, the hills, I."

She came home with gray eyes that sparkled. At supper she said casually,

"I think I'll learn to fly."

Her father permitted himself a bit of gentle sarcasm.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "When do you start?"

With AE, to arrive at a decision was to start. The next day found her at Rogers Airport—the same one among the oil wells. There were a few pilots around who, returned from the war, were giving lessons. She promptly found some one to teach her, signed up, and returned home to see about the money. Her father assured her that he could not possibly afford it.

Determined, she got a clerical job with the telephone company. From then on, the family hardly saw her. She worked all week and spent the week-ends at the airport. She found a teacher called "Snooky" who was willing to give her instruction on credit.

Old-timers at the flying field were not quite sure whether Snooky was a man or a woman, for they seldom saw her dressed in anything but soiled coveralls, her red hair clipped short and her freckled face grimed. She was Neta Snook—the first woman to be graduated from the Curtiss School of Aviation. She had come to Rogers Airport bringing with her a couple of crates containing

"Why the quick descent?" the men at the field asked when she had landed. "Fall asleep?"

"I couldn't fly in those clouds," AE explained.

"Show a little sense," they jeered at her. "Suppose those clouds had closed in all the way down to the ground. We'd be digging you out in pieces by now."

They couldn't frighten her, however. She smiled. "Yes," she admitted, "I suppose you would."

Many persons were to gauge AE as an unusual combination of sensitive artist and thoroughly practical-minded individual. AE herself once said: "I really see little difference between art and science." Her eager, curious life bore this out. "Experiment," she wrote on one occasion. "Meet new people. That's better than any college education. You will find the unexpected everywhere as you go through life. By adventuring about you become accustomed to the unexpected. The unexpected then becomes what it really is—the inevitable."

She attended an automobile school—and read French poetry. In her days at New York's Columbia University she did the work of three students, doubling up with courses at Barnard College. She delved into organic and inorganic chemistry and biology, took advanced bacteriology, and found time for French literature, meanwhile learning to play—of all things—the banjo.

AE could, although few knew it, play the piano, and play it well. In the seven years of our marriage I myself heard her play only twice, and then it was when she didn't know I was in the vicinity.

MUCH as she loved flying, she abandoned it in the early 1920s and for a time seemed destined for a career in another field. She had a canary-colored automobile which became known as "the Yellow Peril." In it she and her mother drove East. The summer of 1925 found her at Harvard Summer School. Her sister Muriel by that time was a teacher, and she decided that her permanent job, too, had better be teaching.

She wrote to Miss Martha Sargent, a teacher friend, for advice. "I can see no reason why you wouldn't make a good teacher," Miss Sargent replied. "But the work is hard. . . . You need a strong constitution, and somehow I have not been sure about your strength."

"One bit of advice. If you teach, you will find yourself in most places a 'model' for the youth. And you will have to avoid doing some things which, though perfectly right, might lead to unpleasant criticism. I mean riding in your car after midnight. . . ."

The Yellow Peril continued to whiz along New England roads at hours conventional and unconventional. Despite that fact, by the winter of 1927 she was giving a course in Correct English under the Massachusetts University Extension Department and as a member of the staff of the Educational Service Bureau of Boston.

Before this, however, she had characteristically reasoned the matter out. Teaching, she felt, could be combined with the constructive work of social service. She visited Miss Marion Perkins, head worker of Denison House in South Boston, and applied for a job.

"To me," she said, "one of the biggest jobs of the social worker is to give boys and girls the experiences that will keep them young. Social work does not begin and end with philanthropy, though that is an important phase of it. It is essentially education, for it is synonymous with the ability to make adjustments to poverty, illness, illiteracy, or any other morbid condition; and the first requisite is a sound education. Social service should be preventive rather than curative."

Miss Perkins was impressed by this slender, boyish-looking girl with the frank, direct gray eyes, the quiet sense of humor. She wrote to her on September 10:

"Denison House agrees to pay you a salary of \$60 a month for nine months, from October 1 to July 1, 1927. You will be entitled to two weeks' vacation. One week we will arrange for you to have at Christmastime and the other either in the spring or in the early summer."

During her first year as a part-time social worker at Denison House in a polyglot section of Boston, AE had general direction of the evening school for foreign-born men and women. She did little teaching herself, but did follow-up work in the homes.

In the fall of 1927 she became a resident at the House and a full-time staff worker. She was given full charge of the pre-kindergarten and directed the work of girls from five to fourteen years of age. She was secretary of the staff of the Board of Directors and had been elected to the House Committee of the Board.

Totally absorbed in social service, she had virtually abandoned the beloved business of flying. Few of her associates at Denison House, in fact, knew of her brief flying career during the California days.

Yet certain aviation contacts persisted. W. G. Kinner had now developed his little sport plane powered by the first air-cooled motor in the country. He wrote to her, asking if she knew of any one in Boston who would take the agency for his planes and motors.

She visited the Chamber of Commerce for information. She found Kinner no agent, but her own deep-seated interest in aviation was somewhat roused. She joined the Boston chapter of the National Aeronautic Association.

Some months later she again heard from Kinner. He had found an agent himself, a young architect from Quincy, Massachusetts, named Harold T. Dennison. Dennison wanted to build an airport back in Massachusetts. He got in touch with AE, who gathered a few dollars together and became one of five incorporators of a commercial aeronautical concern. Dennison already owned enough marshland for an emergency landing field.

Thus the young social service worker found herself, after a fashion, back in aviation. But it was in the mildest fashion imaginable. The thrilling business of flying itself she had put resolutely behind her. Once she had said, "Beauty and adventure have a certain value of their own which can be weighed only in spiritual scales." To her, the work she was now doing among the soiled and many-tongued youngsters in South Boston had its own peculiar beauty, its own quiet adventure. True, there were times when AE and some of her Chinese or Syrian charges piled into the Yellow Peril and spun, whooping, out toward country roads for the pure excitement of a fast ride.

Now and then there were, possibly, twinges of her subconscious. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic Ocean, and she, with the rest of the world and perhaps to a greater degree, was thrilled—she who once said: "Women must try to do things as men have tried. When they fail, their failure must be but a challenge to others."

AND then, one day early in 1928, it happened! She recalled, later, that she was busily teaching a Denison House class when some one interrupted to tell her that she was wanted on the telephone. Immersed in the work at hand, she felt a prickle of annoyance.

"Hello!" she said into the telephone.

"Miss Earhart—Miss Amelia M. Earhart?"

"Yes."

"I am Hilton Railey, Miss Earhart. What I have to ask you, I would like kept in strictest confidence. By the way, you are the Miss Earhart who set the altitude record out on the Coast, aren't you?"

"That's right, but . . ."

By this time AE's schoolteacher's annoyance at the intrusion of the telephone call had become anesthetized by a healthy curiosity concerning the purpose of the call from a man whose name conveyed nothing to her.

And suddenly his voice spoke to her again over the wire. Spoke ten words that were to alter the entire course of her life:

"Miss Earhart, would you like to fly the Atlantic Ocean?"

Would she! The answer is—as all the world knows—that she was the first woman to cross the Atlantic in a plane! But is it true that the flight's sponsors had picked her out because she "looked like Lindy"? Why, though herself a pilot, did she go merely as a passenger? How did another woman very nearly get ahead of her—more nearly than the world ever learned? And what staggering last-minute crisis imperiled the whole adventure? All these absorbing things will be told, for the first time, by her husband in Liberty next week!

Romance! A blithe, heart-warming story of a damsel in distress and a man's surprising lesson in love

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

THE telephone rang for the third time as I was trying to make sense of the screwiest paragraph in the brief for the third time, and I snapped, "Yeah—what?" into the instrument, as if it should know better.

"My!" said a swell voice. "Is this Mr. Scotland?"

"Yes," I said, knowing the voice stood for somebody swell too, but not placing it. "And he's sorry about snapping like that."

"Terence—dear Terence—it was very impressive. It—it sort of—it was very impressive. Would you take me to lunch?"

"Love to," I said, as if I'd been just waiting. "Love to, if—well, I've got an awful memory for faces. Who is this?"

"Marcia," said the voice awfully well. "Marcia Drage. You fixed the handle bars on my first bicycle, and I thought perhaps you—you'd fix 'em again."

"Marcia darling!" I shouted. "Holy mackerel!" A lot of it was coming to me very fast. "Look! Lunch, sure. It'd be marvelous! But why doesn't anybody ever tell me anything? Are you in New York?"

"Oh-ess," she said. "I thought it'd be more fun to lunch in the same town. Lunching in Frisco'd sort of cut into your afternoon, wouldn't it? Terence, I'm in a jam."

"A what?" I said. There was that in her voice that suddenly checked my blood.

"Jam," she said, "as in strawberry. There was once you said if I ever got myself in something good, to come to you and not to my bigoted parents. Remember?"

"I do," I said; "but—"

"Terence—honest, this is something. I can't go to them. I—"

"Darling, I wasn't trying to 'but' my way out of anything. Anywhere, any time you say—I'll be. Where are you?"

She told me, and I told her where to meet me, and when I hung up I was sort of empty in the middle, with a lot of uncertain excitement round the edges. The arbitrary discipline that dated back two or four years or whatever it was, tried to come undone inside me in a manner unexpectedly alarming. I was severe with it. Marcia was my father's godchild. My father was dead. Marcia's father married a younger wife, and Marcia came just before father died, and I loved them all very closely. They lived in San Francisco. That may not be very consecutive, but it's the way things were.

I didn't see them for about ten years. Then I had to go to San Francisco on a case, and Hank Drage guaranteed to have me run out of the town, the county, and possibly the state if I didn't live with them; and between the time the butler called me Mister Terence on arrival and the time Alice, Marcia's mother, produced two palpable tears on my departure, I was made to feel I had a family again. It was a good feeling.

The only element that didn't stick to the script was Marcia. She was sixteen—lovely and slender and grown-up, with an expectant, trusting way for which any male is a sucker. I felt about her as I supposed any one would feel about a specially well designed kid sister. I supposed she returned the equivalent gesture, until one day her mother took me aside and delivered herself.

"Terence, look," she said. "I'm glad it's you the kid has got this terrific crush on. I'd

A lovely scent came from her hair and I touched my lips to it.

MARCIA

keeps a date

by **RICHARD HOFFMANN**



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WATROUS



I said, "Now—let's get at the jam. How bad is it?" "Good and bad," she told me confidently. "I'm in love."

be worried stiff if it were any one else. Really I would." I waited for her to stop being so earnest, but she didn't.

"Which kid is this?" I said.

"Marcia," she said. "You see, she's been with older people so much that she's old for her age, and—well, I just wanted to be sure you wouldn't let it fool you. You must know how attractive you are"—I didn't flinch at that because I hadn't caught up—"and Sally's just having divorced you for 'cruelty' makes you sort of glamorous and injured; and then we've talked about you before Marcia a lot, and about how little Sally ever appreciated you, and how we hoped you'd find some lovely girl who'd know how lucky she was. And now your being here in the house, and so sweet with—with all of us, and treating Marcia almost as a beau would—you see it's all built up without any one's noticing it, until—"

"Look here, Alice," I said as gently as I could without sacrificing firmness. "Are you seriously trying to tell me you think Marcia thinks she's in love with me?"

"'Thinks'—exactly," Alice said. "So be careful, won't you, pet?"

"Careful?" I said. "Ye gods, how? I like the kid. What do I have to do—be rude or something?"

"Terence, you're nearly thirty. Marcia's sixteen. Just use your head, darling; that's all I want."

It was near my time to go back East, so I kept out of Marcia's way, even if it seemed about the most artificial business I'd ever been party to. Then, that last night at a dance, I took a highball and my own pretty thoughts out to the terrace to watch the moon come up. And in a minute there was Marcia.

"Terence—what's happened?" she asked, standing all by herself, a little away from me.

"Happened?" I said.

"Have I done something? Or did—did mummie say something?"

I was confused by the shrewdness of the guess and by my own quick self-conscious wonder whether mummie could be a little right perhaps, in some curious way. "If anything seems to've happened," I said, "I s'pose it's

because I've been just selfishly sunk at the thought of leaving. You've all been so grand—too grand to talk about; and I—I hate going."

"I hate your going," Marcia said quietly, still all by herself there.

"I'm glad," I said, before I knew I was going to say it, and a great bath of tenderness welled up out of nowhere, but I caught at enough brains to keep my head up. "Look," I said. "Promise me something."

"Anything," she said at once, less by herself.

"You're going to have lots happen to you. Because you're a lovely person, and you're going to grow lovelier. Some of what happens will be rather swell, and a lot of it'll be fun, but some of it won't be. You can do me an enormous favor. Trust me—always—as a most loyal friend, one who'd do anything to help you to your happiness. Will you try that? Will you come to me if you ever get in a jam—something you aren't sure of taking to Hank or Alice, those bigoted parents of yours? I've sort of hoped you might feel like doing that anyway, but lawyers aren't very good at taking things for granted, and—"

She took a step to me, took my free hand in both hers and stood looking down at it in the dimness. I had such a sense of her expectancy of good and the fragility of her defenses, that I came close to letting my tongue and my blood run, and the hell with the consequences. Some simple, lovely scent came from her hair, softly lit in the first loom of the moon, and I touched my lips to it. She didn't move; her hands stayed light and cool and chaste on my hand. She said, "I hoped you'd say something like that before you went away. I wanted you to."

"It's a promise, then?" I said, my voice breaking ridiculously.

She nodded, then raised her face and said, "Of course."

I held my glass very hard and stayed as motionless as she, but I had to speak. "Tell you what. Let's make a date, for your eighteenth birthday, unless—unless we meet before. If you aren't East, I'll come West, so I can remind you of the promise. (Continued on page 18)

**“R & G”
USED CARS
are
thoroughbreds
too!**

Breeding counts—in used cars as well as in horses.

When you buy an “R & G” used Ford from a Ford Dealer, you know it’s a thoroughbred. And you have the “papers” to prove it!

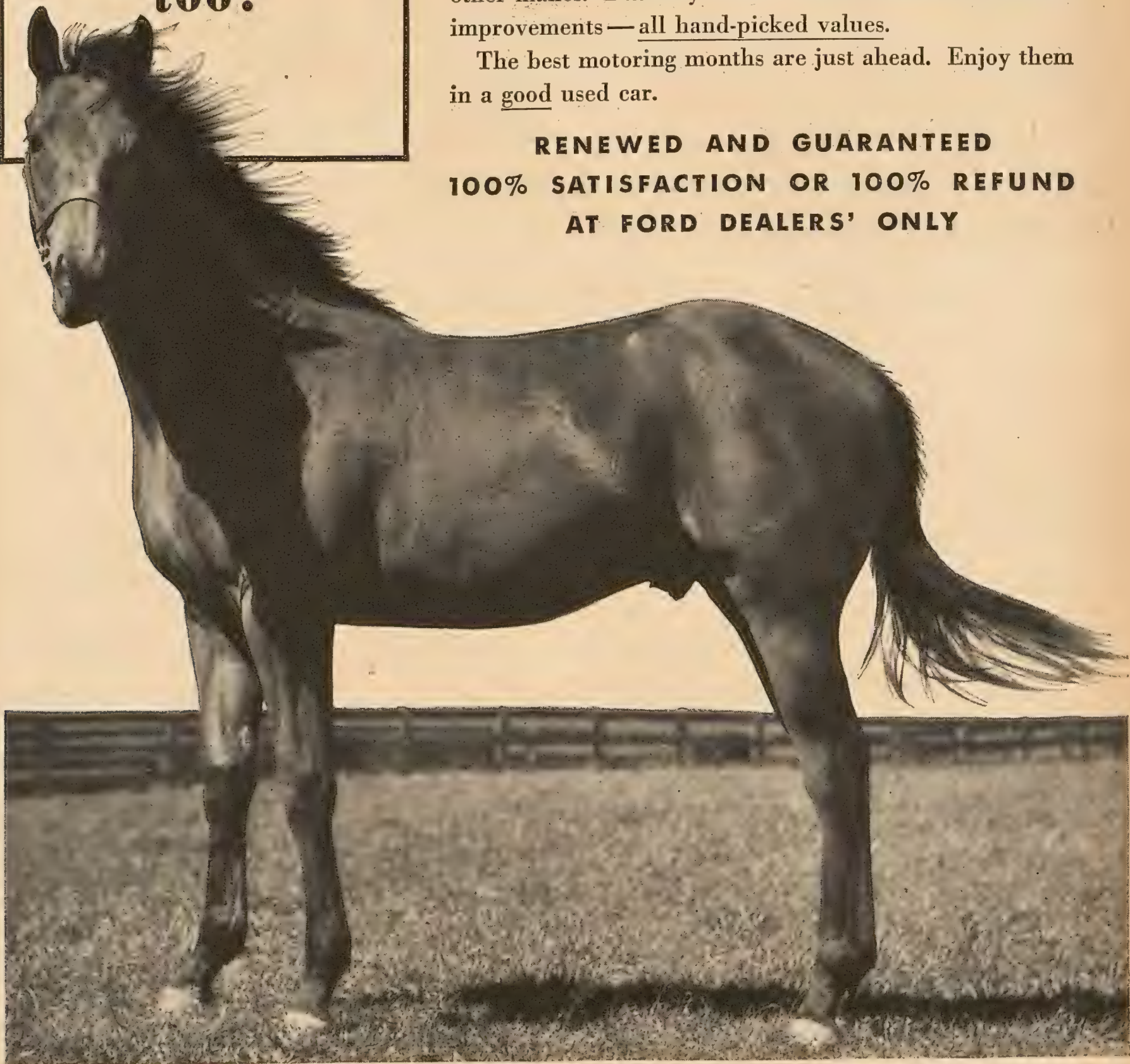
With every “R & G” used Ford, you get a written guarantee. It shows you that the car has been renewed where necessary to meet strict specifications. And it assures you of complete satisfaction or your money back.

Best of all, you know it’s a thoroughbred because it’s a Ford. That means long life and thrifty mileage. It means the smooth performance that only eight cylinders can give.

Of course, your Ford Dealer’s “R & G” cars include other makes. But they’re all recent models with modern improvements—all hand-picked values.

The best motoring months are just ahead. Enjoy them in a good used car.

**RENEWED AND GUARANTEED
100% SATISFACTION OR 100% REFUND
AT FORD DEALERS’ ONLY**



F O R D M O T O R C O M P A N Y



"Chico has been dragging me all over the park!"

(Continued from page 16) I'm so terrible grateful for it, sweet."

"I'm so terrible grateful you wanted it," she said. She waited an instant there, looking at me as if she had vision in the dim light; then she squeezed my hand a little and let it go and went away.

I flew East. The hop itself was uneventful. It was me that was eventful. Things Marcia and I had done together and talked about, the way she'd looked a hundred times, the funny incomplete feeling when I came back from town and found she wasn't home yet—all that rode with me—in new lights, new colors, and it paid no attention to my certainty that Marcia was no one for me to be thinking about like that.

I wondered if I'd made plain I meant what I said—about doing anything to help her to her happiness. I wondered if I'd even said it. I wondered whether her shy wisdom—that shrewdness that guessed her mother had spoken to me—hadn't also read a pseudo-graceful reluctance into my words, so that she'd feel she shouldn't ever bother me. I wondered—with my vivid feeling for her young loveliness, her air of seeing such simple promise round her in the world, her vulnerability—whether there wasn't a better job I might have done—could still do—in the way of a partnership all outside any rules: I to be a buffer between her and heartache and the thousand natural shocks; she to work convalescence upon my trustlessness so that I should know it was my vanity and not my blessed spirit that Sally had ambushed. It was a restive journey, with the quality of a fading dream about it—as if there were still something I could do to keep hold of beauty slipping from me, but with a sort of paralysis in doing it.

In the dissatisfaction of those first days in New York, I composed letters to her every so often, but I never wrote them. And she didn't write me—except one post card three months later: a picture of Mount Shasta on which she'd written, "Mount Shasta is the highest peak in the U. S. proper. True or false? Love: M."

I worked hard—for no reason more romantic than that I wanted to get as far as possible in the shortest time—and I had luck. I also had fun outside the office—saw plenty of people, though most of them gave me the impression they were coming round more than once, like ducks in a shooting gallery. And little by little I got the mythical-kingdom image of Marcia into its proper gallery—with Flavia in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and Catherine in *A Farewell to Arms*, and Pearl White, and a few other elect of Romance.

I never appreciated what a good idea that had been until she called me this sudden morning. For the voice on the telephone—grand as it was—wasn't that of the

shy, expectant child who'd held my hand so chastely in both hers that night. It was the voice of some one who'd been around and grown into new ideas, some one who could forget a sentimental date for an eighteenth birthday (which I too seemed to have skipped). So I went uptown to meet her—pleased that I'd kept us both out of trouble and proud that she'd done me the compliment of remembering my offer of help in a jam.

ALL I had to do was to see her walk into Robert's to know the telephone voice hadn't deceived me. The gray *tailleur* was built to her patrician slenderness. She carried her head up, with a flow of gold under the cocked brim of her hat; and her eyes—a bright-lit blue and still technically young—wore an assurance new to me, as if certain what they wanted and careless that every one who was within toss of a canapé had looked up at her entrance.

"Terence, darling," she said, as I got up. My arms went out, and hers came round me, her lips securely to mine, and she hung on while she drew her head back to look my face all over, smiling indulgently as if she were glad *everything* out of a distant childhood hadn't changed beyond recognition. And while I groped for a word or two for myself—as one complete uncle to another—she said, "Terence, my love, say something. Speak."

"If I *am* your love," I said, "I don't need to say anything. My eyes should tell you All. You're the most beautiful thing I ever saw, and I've seen everything."

"That's very satisfactory," she said, letting me go—politely, as you let uncles go. "Dear Terence, I'm very hungry and I'm in a jam and I s'pose I could have one cocktail—couldn't I?—because this is special. I'd like a Martini. Mum and dad sent you loads of love. I've got a note for you from mum. How are you?"

We went in and ordered, and the cocktails came, and it was all sort of chopped up, what with the waiters and telling each other how we'd been and all. But in the middle of it I took conscious breath and said, "Now—let's get at the jam. How bad is it?"

"Good and bad," she told me confidently. "I'm in love."

"Gad!" I said, with a removed, semifinal emptiness quick in me. "Why is that a jam?"

"Because he's so much older than I," she said.

"How much older?"

"Years," Marcia told her cocktail while I waited. She
(Continued on page 20)



"He's doing it for an election bet!"



At the Waldorf-Astoria, PABST Gets the Call...as seen in the famous Tony Sarg Oasis, one of New York's smartest meeting places. Here, as in the other swank restaurants of the Waldorf, the fashionable world relaxes, refreshes, rejoices with delicious Pabst Blue Ribbon.

At the Cocoanut Grove, PABST Gets the Call. Acknowledged center of Hollywood smartness, Hotel Ambassador plays host to the brightest stars from every walk of life. Here keen living reigns supreme—and Pabst Blue Ribbon is the password to keener enjoyment of every golden moment.



Where the Smart World sets the Pace

Pabst

GETS THE CALL!

For Keener Refreshment...

From the dazzling sands of
The beach at Waikiki
To the swank Miami shoreline—
From the gay social whirl of
Westchester to the brightly
Shining stars of Hollywood—
Pabst Gets the Smart World's Call.
Because—it's Brisk-Bodied for
Keener Refreshment . . . streamlined
For a quicker, more sparkling
Lift in every delicious drop.
Nothing heavy or syrupy to
Slow up its invigorating action.
Just pale golden goodness you
Never tire of . . . brewed with
Matchless master skill to a
95-Year Tradition of Quality.
And—this is very important—
Pabst is thoroughly aged . . .
To precisely that peak point
Of soul-satisfying, thirst-
Quenching tang you find in
Rare old champagne.
No wonder Pabst Blue Ribbon
Is the Smart World's password
To keener, zestier living . . .
The Class of All Beers
In a Class by Itself!

Pass the word..you want
PABST Blue Ribbon
For Keener Refreshment

Copyright 1939, Premier-Pabst Sales Co., Chicago



(Continued from page 18) looked up at me blandly and said, "Terence, it sounds ridiculous. He's over forty—darn near forty-five, I think."

"Don't you know?"

"No. He lies about it."

"How d'you know that?" I said. I took a drag at my cocktail and would have traded two cocktails for a free breath.

"I peeked," she said, running her fingers carefully down the stem of her glass. "I had a quick look at an old passport when I was down at his ranch in the Santa Ynez Valley. But I think he saw me, and he hid it. Terence"—with sudden enthusiasm—"have you ever been there—the Sant' Ynez?"

"Never," I said stiffly.

"Darling, you'd love it," she said. "He's got the most lovely place. You dive into the pool from the gallery along outside the bedrooms, and—"

"What were you doing there—at his ranch?" I cut in as sympathetically as an overworked steam shovel.

She made a curve on the tablecloth with her finger, very attentive to it. "Staying with him," she said.

"Alone?" I asked, as if it were likely.

"Yes," she said, putting another careful curve on top of the first. "At least we were until his wife arrived and—"

"His wife?" I said. "Did you know he was married?"

"Oh, yes," she said incidentally. "I found that out before he told me. And I know it even better now. She came to the ranch in the middle of the night and tried to shoot me, I sort of thought—"

"Marcia!" I said. "For the love of Christmas! What possessed you to let yourself in for something like this? Where is she—his wife—now?"

She looked up at me with a bright reassuring smile that made me feel about sixteen. "Oh, she's somewhere—but quieter. She just has me followed now—by private detectives. Mel says she wants to make a fat scandal before she shoots me. He doesn't want me mixed up in a scandal."

"Decent as all get-out of him," I heard myself say.

"So he doesn't even want me to go round the world with him," she said.

"He—he's at this point going round the world?"

"Sails at midnight," she said. "Empress of Peoria, or whatever it is. From here—New York. I only found out yesterday, so I flew right on."

"Does he know you're here?"

"No," she told me. "That's why I had to see you, Terence. Why should he go noble on me now? I don't want him to. He had the courage to tell me he loved me—in the face of everything. I want to be with him. But he's got to give me an opening. . . . I wondered," she said, her eyes speculating into mine, "whether you couldn't—sort of by accident—let him know I was here—Terence."

I SAID, "Do you know what'd happen to you at the first port of call if you got on that ship?"

"No," she said, all interest. "What?"

"You'd be hauled off by the scruff of your neck and jailed for violation of international law—the one about moral turpitude. And if his wife hadn't cabled ahead to have it done, I would."

"Terence!"

"Yes?" I said, feeling the tension build up in me.

Her eyes looked even younger in their sure reproach, and she said, "Wasn't it you was going to help me to my happiness if I came to you in a jam?"

"I'm going to help you," I said, so savagely that Marcia blinked. "You're not sailing with that guy, no matter what—not if I have to tie you up in my flat and shoot him."

It gave me passing satisfaction to see concern start up in her eyes. "But, Terence, why?" she said.

"This is why." I leaned toward her and made my voice low and distinct. "You're too important to—in the world, and what you stand for's too important. Because when I said you were beautiful, I meant it. You're just as beautiful inside as you are out. That's a thing to be protected, watched over, cared for—not to be snatched and used by a guy who'll be near sixty when you're thirty and wouldn't marry you anyway."

"What makes you think he wouldn't marry me?" she asked in wary quiet. "Wouldn't you, if—if you loved me and I loved you?"

"Of course," I snapped; but something in her eyes started to triumph, and I said, "Certainly not! Do you, for instance, want to kill your family?"

"It won't kill them. Mummy knows what I'm up to."

"Knows!" I exploded. "Alice knows! Well, what in heaven's dear name does she say?"

"That she and dad will approve—if you will."

"Marcia," I said, "your mother is one of the three wisest women I know. She never said anything of the kind. You said you couldn't tell Alice and Hank. Now you say you have. You're lying somewhere. Please bail out."

She looked from one to the other of my eyes intently. "Even if I were lying," she said, "I'm eighteen—and my own boss. It's me who decides whether the man I love loves me and what I do about it."

Suddenly, with ironic recollection of the date we'd made that far-away night, I said, "When were you eighteen?"

"About four thirty this morning," she said. "In the lunchroom at the Chicago airport." She watched me hear what she'd said, her young eyes beginning a smile that held both shyness and wisdom. "We had a date," she said, with one diffident nod. "Remember?"

MARCIA, I said in most admirable calm, "what is this? Charades?"

"Sort of, I guess," she said, and she was suddenly all by herself there, in the way I remembered—chaste and trustfully by herself, the grand lashes dropping over her eyes as new color rose in her cheeks. "I—I don't know what made me think of all that. It was a sort of inspiration when—just when I saw you outside there, and maybe it ran away a little. Would you like to read mummy's letter?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I want a full answer to my last question. What is this?"

She had the letter out of its envelope and she held it to me, ready to read. Her look showed repentance—a vaguely defiant repentance—and I couldn't cope with that right away, so I took the thing and read it.

"Terence darling," it ran. "I've tried everything—pushed beautiful boys and clever men at her, pretended not to listen for her coming home late, done everything I could think of to make her like being a 'belle' (you may have heard your parents use the word). She's in love with you. You won't see this note unless you're still in love with her, because she's both wise and proud; but, gosh, how I hope you see it! I've always been terrified of leading the inevitable son-in-law within range of Hank, but no more—if you read this. Here's loads of love, pet, from us both. Do—for heaven's sake—telegraph at once, hey? Alice."

I looked at Marcia and said severely, "You've read this?"

She dropped her eyes. "Such a nice little guy at Salt Lake airport—he boiled a kettle and steamed the envelope open for me."

"Did he ask you to go round the world?"

She shook her head.

Strength as of the special anger that pours in after a major fright began to swell in my chest. "This comes at a most unfortunate time," I told her. "Of course you had no way of knowing I was in love with Ginger Rogers, except seeing her, but—"

She glanced up, her lips apart, her eyes hopeful of good but ready to lay the hope away if she'd been deceived, and I took both her hands.

"Terence," she said, "you did look as if you'd really shoot him. And when you—"

"How did I look when I touched on your being beautiful—inside and out? Did I look as if I were in court?"

We were sitting at a corner table where nobody in the room could miss anything that happened. She drew breath to answer me, and when I stopped her speaking—her lips so gentle, soft, unafraid under mine—everybody in the room must have thought I'd never kissed any one before. I wasn't bothering about what they thought. I was thinking I'd never kissed any one before.

THE END

The SECRET SHAKE-UP in the U. S. ARMY

**The story of
a two-fisted
campaign for
preparedness**



© Harris & Ewing
The man making over
the army: Louis Johnson

**BY
HERBERT
COREY**

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THERE is no doubt about it. Captain Louis Johnson was mad. He had shuffled through four hours of French mud on a rainy French night, now and then pulling a leg out of a loop of barbed wire. A detail had followed him. They had come to the French ammunition dump.

"Non," said the French corporal at the gate. "Non, non, non, non, non—"

"Oh, nuts!" said Captain Johnson.

The future Assistant Secretary of War under President Roosevelt blew up. (Some say he will be the next Secretary of War. Others say he is the actual Secretary of War right now.) The colonel commanding the French dump had sent the wrong fuses to the American battery and the American guns were useless. A protective barrage was needed. Captain Johnson told the officer of the day that he had come for the fuses. He was not profane about it, and his voice is rather low; one might say soft, except that soft has a sissy suggestion and Johnson is no part of a sissy. His eyes can be hard as agates and he has a top sergeant's jaw.

The officer of the day said that the colonel commanding was asleep and it was not advisable to wake him up. No doubt he would be glad to correct any mistake when he had had his coffee in the morning. Captain Johnson said—all of this story rests on doughboy tradition and is not confirmed by the Assistant Secretary of War—that if he did not get those fuses pronto he would descend into the dugout of the colonel commanding and personally bite off the colonel's ears.

The incident is important because it may have had something to do with the making over of the American army in 1938-39. No doubt it led to concentrated thought by Captain Johnson. It may have pointed up some of his previous conclusions. He had seen mistakes made that would have been absurd if they had not cost lives. He saw good American dollars blown to the winds because officers were careless or forgetful. He saw Americans who had not had even the manual of arms labeled for combat and sent into line against men who were at least as dangerous as any fighters in the world. He had just cussed to himself and formulated his ideas. By the time of the armistice they were sharp and bright.

On the transport he put those ideas in a letter, and he mailed it to the War Department the day he landed in New York. That letter has never been seen except by the high command, but it perhaps contained the most

acid comment ever written on the manner in which the American army had operated in time of war—sound, savage criticism erected on a foundation of the most lamentable fact. It was specific as well as general in terms, for during his stay in France Johnson had had combat, infantry, artillery, S O S, transport, and staff service.

There was court-martial invitation in that letter, but the chiefs of the army were too good soldiers and too good politicians and too good sports to work over the man who had supported his indictment with authentic evidence. For six months or so the letter went from hand to hand. Johnson was mustered out and went back to his law office in West Virginia. At the end of the six months he was offered a commission as major in the army, the plain intimation being that there was a career ahead of him if he took it. If that offer had been received when he was still in the army, he might be a colonel today.

Six months had changed him. He was a civilian again. Yet he was just as angry as a civilian as he had been as a captain. Not many people know even today that we were on the verge of industrial chaos when the armistice saved us. We remember items, of course—the railroad blockades and the confusion in the factories and the Liberty-motor muddle and the airplane nonsense—but not many of us see it as a whole. Johnson did. He not only had had army experience, but as a \$40,000-a-year lawyer for corporations he heard facts from the inside. But he did not want to go back into the service. Perhaps he thought the army had learned its lesson.

But as time went on the army became a national step-child. The nation settled down to the conviction that there would be peace forever—at least, for years and perhaps generations. Congress scamped appropriations for the army. Presidents Coolidge and Hoover were more than apathetic toward it. They were vaguely hostile. It followed inevitably that the army sustained a slump. Some of its detachments were still housed in the temporary shacks built during the war. They were not fit for cow sheds. Some men were still in tents in 1937. Some officers kept doggedly pounding away at their jobs. Others found the course of least resistance.

Then the European volcano began to send up smoke plumes. American observers abroad reported on what was going on over there. The State Department steamed up its news service. At home we discovered that we were again in a state of masterly unpreparedness. It took us fourteen months to get going after we declared war in 1917, and it would now be as bad or worse. The human

material in our army was excellent, but it was not on its toes. We lacked guns and planes and the essential stocks of raw materials. While the tempo of the Old World's preparations for war had been immeasurably speeded up, our tempo had been slowed down.

Congress changed its tune; granted the needed money.

Only, the army continued to be below par.

That is a truthful statement but it is not wholly fair. The army had the money it needed, and some of its officers were right on the job, but others had grown rusty. An outside force was needed to wake the army up. Some one remembered that letter Captain Louis Johnson had written the War Department. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt himself remembered it. Anyway, Johnson had kept abreast of the situation, and was filled to the chin with anger. President Roosevelt appointed him Assistant Secretary of War in charge of procurement. Johnson has made that assignment cover almost everything: men, money, plans, material, reserves. What he says goes.

Johnson proposed to make over the regular army into a *regular army*. He had learned how to take it as well as pass it out. In the University of Virginia he had been a champion wrestler and heavyweight boxer. He is more than six feet tall and at forty-eight could still train down to 190. He was an ace orator in college, too, and when he graduated it seemed natural to hang out his lawyer's shingle in Clarksburg, West Virginia. That was in 1912. Five years later he was the Democratic floor leader in the House of Delegates and people were talking about him as a possibility for governor. When we entered the war, he helped write and put through that "work-or-fight" bill which broke ground for similar bills in other states. Then he went to the officers' training camp.

After the war he went back to the law. He was suave, friendly, wise. He had always been a big shot with the American Legion and in 1932 he became National Commander. In 1933 the Legion was all set to show President Roosevelt what it thought of his Economy Bill of 1933. Johnson sat up with the Legion and held its hand until it settled down.

That did him no harm with the President. In 1936 he organized the Veterans' Division of the Democratic National Committee, and that helped him, too. All this time he was smoldering about the army. Things were going from bad to worse in the War Department. No one seemed to care. Then Europe began to go wrong, and some one with a hard hand was needed in the Department. Harry Woodring had been the Assistant Secretary of War, but his hand is soft. When he replaced Secretary Dern, because of the exigencies of politics, Johnson was picked for his job. Johnson's hand, God knows, is hard.

HE came to the War Department to find that the better men in the army had been tied down by accumulated red tape. They needed aid from outside the organization that could not be provided from the inside. Reports of the most vital importance were filed in the dustbins. Plans had been made on which the safety of the nation would in some measure depend if we were forced into war. The planners were permitted to go on elaborating their plans, but nothing was ever done about it. Somnolence was the note in some offices. Interoffice communications took days to go through "channels."

If Johnson's plans work out, fat officers, lazy officers, officers who do not keep up with the procession, officers who cannot think fast and precisely, will not stay in the army. He found a masterly plan for the mobilization of American industry in time of war; but no one had been able to do very much about it. He got into touch with the leaders of industry and they promised their co-operation. Some of them were a little doubtful.

"We will play ball," they said in effect. "But you are asking us for information for which our rivals would give their eyeteeth. Will you protect us?"

"I will," said Johnson.

The time came when another department learned that one corporation had given him information it had wanted, and asked him for it. He refused it.

"We will go into court and make you give it up," said the other department.

"Like hell you will!" said Johnson.

He went to the President himself, and that nonsense was canceled. The other departments and the various industries learned about it, and he is now getting one hundred per cent co-operation. He has in his files all the Department wants to know about industry, and it is safe there. He is sure now that if we were compelled to go to war, enough industries could go into production on military necessities overnight to meet any immediate emergency. Others would come in on a staggered plan as the men filed into the cantonments.

The railroads are in bad condition. Every one knows that. The army experts reported that the freight in time of war must be handled by the roads. Trucking would fail and make more trouble. So a plan to help the roads is being worked on. In time of strain the great industrial areas of the East would certainly be short of power. A plan is being discussed in which the utilities are co-operating with the government for the correction of this grave defect.

THE air corps was still flying antiquated old crates that would hardly pass for chicken coops. By the end of 1940 it will have 2,320 planes in the air, and practically every one will be as good as the best in the world. Some of them will be better than Europe's best. Johnson doubled the crews of the planes and so more than doubled their flying potencies.

He encouraged the building of planes here for the European governments because in that way American productive capacity will be built up. He learned that a good automobile mechanic is not necessarily a good airplane mechanic; so he is producing a class of airplane mechanics. Equipment is now being standardized so that planes and cars and trucks can get spare parts from common pools. He has cut in half the time necessary for getting claims through against the government. He has planned for better nurturing of the National Guard.

None of this without friction, of course. The army had been brought up on a hush-hush policy. But nowadays it tells all about everything—barring a little secret here and there—because if the world knows what it can do there will be less probability of trouble. General Malin Craig is chief of staff and a good side-kick for Johnson. When others were talking big, Craig used hard figures: "We have made more progress in our plan for industrial mobilization in the past seven months than in the preceding seven years."

We have the best antiaircraft guns in the world. Not enough of them yet. Our French .75s are being modernized and new guns built. We still have use for horse soldiers in this country, but two regiments of cavalry have been mechanized for special needs. Johnson found the Air General Headquarters at Washington and moved it into the Middle West. It would be better protected there, and the big ships could easily be shifted from coast to coast. There was slackness in the financial end. That's out. If there is only one bid in a competition now, the army wants to know why. Johnson gets a copy of every award and is pretty sure to ask questions. A neat little business had been worked up in the sales of supplies and whatnots. Those sales are checked nowadays. If a motor is sold at an old-iron price, it is first broken up until it really is old iron.

Johnson found four hundred contract forms for use with industrial organizations. No one could explain why. In twenty-four hours they had been reduced to five and each was understandable without the aid of a lawyer. No way around the old cost-plus plan has been found, but profiteering will at least be reduced. When he goes visiting—and he has seen every army post in the country—he takes with him two suitcases filled with plans the army has worked out. He wants to know what the officers on the job can tell him. His plan for civilian mobilization is fairly complete. Every man and woman may be given a job in the next war.

It would not be fair to Johnson to say that he has done these things off his own bat. He has followed the army's plans pretty closely. Only, the army, through no fault of its own, had fallen into a bad slump, and he has pulled it out.

THE END

If you are this type you'll like this Bourbon that's

"Double-Rich!"

**HAVE YOU
THESE FEATURES?**

A The large narrow
Eyes of a type adept
at weighing true merit.

B The ample *Mouth* of
a type with excep-
tional relish for good food
and drink.



If you are this type, taste Kentucky's
"double-rich" straight Bourbon. A good
"catch" phrase is "*Make Mine Cream!*"

SCHENLEY'S
***Cream of
Kentucky***
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



A 90 PROOF whiskey with the Mark of
Merit. Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians
the good old Kentucky way. COPR. 1939.
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP.,
New York City





I MARRIED A NAZI

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

DURING her three months in Germany Carol Traub has promised to look up Hugo Gerhardt, the brother of her physician, who has been sent to an unknown concentration camp. Carol's husband, Eric, a German who has neglected to take out his full American citizenship papers, considers this mission a dangerous one. Eric is going to Berlin to settle the affairs of the Traub toy business, his father having become an invalid. With the young couple is their little boy, Ricky.

Upon their arrival, Freda, Eric's beautiful young step-mother, takes possession of him. An ardent Nazi, she warns Carol to forget the Gerhardt search. Hugo was a traitor! But the American girl says she must keep her word. Becoming acquainted with Kenneth Delane, an attaché at the American Embassy, Carol confides her problem to him. He takes her to the *Schutzstaffel* headquarters, assuring her that there they will give her all the information she wants.

Herr Deckart, in charge, tells her that the man she is seeking is dead, but gives Carol the address in Hanover of his widow and family. Delane offers to drive her to that city. Carol accepts the invitation and asks Eric to go too. He wavers and finally excuses himself on the ground of business urgency. And he induces her to leave little Ricky at home on the off-chance of visiting the Zoo.

From Frau Gerhardt, Carol hears a pitiful story of persecution and what looks like execution of her husband! The American girl is appalled. To upset her further, when she returns to Berlin she hears from Ricky that his father and Freda took him, not to the Zoo, but to a frenzied Nazi gathering that welcomed an Atlantic-flying aviator.

PART FOUR—"I'VE GOT TO GET HIM HOME!"

IT was fortunate that Freda and Kenneth Delane, shaking hands, did not watch Carol then. It made it easier for her to conceal her shock of bewilderment. She had to avert her eyes until the swift pain in them died.

When she faced them again she was quite composed. Outwardly, at any rate. Freda was inviting Kenneth to stay for dinner, but he declined on a note of regret.

"Another time, then?" she urged, wide blue eyes eloquent. "Thursday, perhaps?" She explained to Carol, "I've asked some of Eric's old friends to come Thursday. People he hasn't seen in years."

"How nice!"

"You *will* join us, Herr Delane?"

He said gravely, "I'll be glad to."

He remained hardly long enough to let Carol thank him for the drive to Hanover. And when he was gone, she entered the house slowly, frowning. Freda was still on the lawn, leaning against a tree and laughing with Ricky.

Upstairs she saw Eric in Heinrich's room, engrossed in the company's ledgers with his father and Kloster.

He hurried out at once, however, to kiss her and inquire—a bit guiltily, she imagined—if she'd had a pleasant day. Then he put an arm about her and they walked together toward their room.

"I guess Ricky told you we—went to Tempelhof?"

"Yes, he did, Eric."

"One of those impulses." He tried to force a laugh, but it was an awkward sound. "The whole neighborhood was caught by excitement. Planes roaring in the sky. The radio reporting the progress of the Brandenburg toward Tempelhof. Freda was sure we could get back in a couple of hours. So I left word for Kloster to wait. . . . Ricky had a grand day."

Carol was silent, but she could not help thinking: Yet

you could not spare the time to come to Hanover with me.

"Am I forgiven?" he chuckled.

She sighed. Perhaps it was silly to make an issue of this. Anything she might say would probably sound shrewish. If hurt, it would be better to keep it to herself.

"Let's forget it, Eric."

He asked, "Did you see this Frau Gerhardt?"

"Yes."

"And what happened?"

She told him. But, despite her emotions of the afternoon, she found herself speaking in a flat and dispirited tone that made the trip seem of little consequence.

Eric apparently attributed her mood to weariness. "Believe me, I'm glad you've washed this Gerhardt business off your hands. It's a relief."

She nodded absently. She didn't mention the Gerhardt manuscript. Somehow, she couldn't speak of that to Eric now.

(Eric, something is happening to you; something I don't understand. You're not your old self.)

She was glad Fritz Kloster remained for dinner. His presence at the table made it unnecessary for her to assume any great part in the conversation. He was a timid little man, round-shouldered, his thick-lensed glasses magnifying bewildered eyes. Later she was to remember all his words as the last he ever uttered in public.

"It doesn't seem possible," he was saying, "that my Hans is old enough to be called with the army. Tomorrow morning at dawn he must report at Jüterbog for these fall maneuvers! It—it is strange." He shook his head in wonder. "One day you have a child. The next day he is the government's. They mobilize him—"

"How long is he to be away?" Eric asked.

"Nobody knows. We do not even know where he will be sent."

Freda said cheerfully, "Don't worry. There'll be a hundred thousand others like him. They're the strength of the Reich, Herr Kloster. You should be proud."

"Ja." He nodded slowly, gazing at forgotten food. "I am very proud of my Hans. He is a fine boy. But just the same it—it is frightening to have him mobilized. Especially at a time when the shadows over the Sudetenland are becoming so dark—"

"If you're worrying about his having to fight Czechoslovakia," Freda mocked, "forget it. The Czechs wouldn't dare. In a couple of months your Hans will be home, bigger and healthier than ever. And meanwhile your younger boy will have his opportunity to be lord of the house."

Herr Kloster's face softened. "That is true. My boy Albrecht," he said, amused, "is jealous. He wants to go with the Reichswehr too. He cannot see why der Führer doesn't call boys of fourteen."

To Carol all these preludes to a non-existent war sounded fantastic. She found it difficult to believe in their reality—that a land at peace was actually hurling itself into a frenzy of mass mobilization, into panicky farewells, into mysteri-

ous troop movements. It was merely a drill.

"Let me tell you," Eric suddenly declared, "there's a great deal to say for this type of government. Now that I've looked over our books, I've got to admit it's done wonders for our business. In fact, it has stirred up business for everybody. People are alive, eager. I've met a lot of men in the past week, and they're all full of a—a sort of national enthusiasm. Any government that

Desperate, despairing men, voicing forbidden thoughts! Now, swiftly, grim drama strikes in a stirring, revealing narrative from life
BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

can do that for its people deserves cheers. For Germany it is probably the best thing that could have happened."

Carol stared at him in astonishment. "Eric—" she began, then sat appalled.

"If only you were going to remain in Germany," Freda taunted in her gay manner, "it wouldn't take us long, Eric, to make a good Nazi of you."

THE astounding news about Fritz Kloster came the next morning. Eric telephoned from the factory at eleven, and Carol answered the call.

"Look, dear," he said, and his words were harsh. "They've arrested Fritz Kloster. I want you to tell father."

When finally she caught her breath, she could only repeat an incredulous "Kloster? Fritz Kloster?"

"They came into the office and dragged him away from his desk ten minutes ago."

"But why?" Carol gasped. "What—what did he do?"

"The fool lost his head. Said der Führer's word was unreliable. Said this mobilization was not a test but a definite move toward war. He even accused Hitler of making unreliable statements in the past."

Somehow it was impossible to visualize that timid little man rising to shout such things. Carol, her wits addled, stammered, "To— to whom did he say it? When?"

"To his wife and their kid. Over breakfast this morning."

"Then how on earth did the police learn about it?"

"His son told."

"His—his son?"

"The boy he mentioned. Albrecht."

"But—good heavens, Eric—"

"Kloster was crazy, to talk like that. He knows the law."

"But, Eric, his son—"

"He knew the boy was honor bound to report whatever he said. He should have had more sense. Tell father about it, will you? I've got to hurry."

She put down the telephone in a daze. Her heart pounded. It wasn't only the news about Fritz Kloster that terrified her; it was the way Eric had spoken—with more anger than sympathy. She thought in sudden panic, I've got to get him home. I've got to!

Heinrich was alone, seated at his window, when she



His battered lips were bleeding. He pressed a handkerchief to them.

told him. He didn't appear greatly surprised. He lay back, eyes closed, and the lines of his gray face became deeper than ever. He winced once, as if he were suffering a spasm of physical pain.

"Poor Kloster," he whispered. "Poor, poor Fritz."

Carol exclaimed, "How can a boy betray his father like that?"

"Patriotism, *liebchen*—it is patriotism."

"It's horrible!"

"Don't blame the boy. We teach boys a new kind of honor now. We begin when they are six. We tell them that loyalty to der Führer, to the Reich, comes before all else—even before loyalty to father and home."

"It's inhuman!"

His eyes still closed in pain, Heinrich Traub murmured, "*Deutschland über alles.* . . ."

SHE still felt shaken that afternoon when she went out to seek Ricky. Kenneth Delane, she told herself, had been right. If you wanted to preserve your sanity you had to close the shutters of your mind. You had to be detached, hard, callous. . . .

Ricky, she saw, was playing with a little girl on the lawn of the adjoining house—the home of Dr. Julius Rappaport. And Dr. Rappaport himself sat under a tree, a book forgotten beside him on the bench, while he watched the children in silent amusement.

From her window Carol had seen the old doctor often—an extraordinarily tall and lean man, his hair graying. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Lincoln.

Dr. Rappaport rose as she approached. It seemed an effort. He bowed a little, one hand holding the back of the bench. The children, he observed, appeared to be enjoying their game despite the fact that they couldn't understand each other.

"I'm delighted," Carol said honestly. "Ricky has been lonesome for a playmate."

He fixed a meditative smile on his granddaughter. "Our Hilda, too, has few children to play with."

This, Carol mused as she studied the old man, was a Jew. The first Jew she had spoken to in Germany. The man who had been Heinrich's friend.

"I'm Heinrich Traub's daughter-in-law—" she began.

"Yes, I know." His deep voice was slow and speculative. It seemed to give utterance to all the melancholy of his eyes. He smiled again as he motioned to the bench. "Perhaps you would care to sit down, Frau Traub?"

It was so simple and natural to sit there with Dr. Rappaport and talk while they watched the children.

They spoke of casual things. Of travel. Of the language of child play which made words unnecessary for Ricky and Hilda. Of Dr. Rappaport's rose garden.

And finally, after she had been with him almost an hour, she saw Freda's yellow car swing around the corner.

Freda was bringing Eric home. Today the government had commandeered most of the public buses to assist in transporting mobilized troops, and so Freda had driven him to the factory.

Carol rose, with some regret, and offered Dr. Rappaport her hand. "It's been nice meeting you," she said. "I'd been hoping to do it for days."

"Thank you, *gnädige Frau*." He bowed over her fingers.

"Frankly," she confessed with a humorless little laugh, "there were a thousand things I wanted to ask you and—somehow couldn't."

Dr. Rappaport looked deep into her eyes. And then he said an amazing thing. It was as if, in searching the depths of her eyes, he had found her most obscure thoughts. He spoke gently, in a voice rich and deep: "You are perhaps familiar with the Twenty-third Psalm?"

"Why—why, yes—"

"I believe you will find in it the answer to everything you wished to ask me."

She stared at him, not understanding.

Dr. Rappaport murmured, "'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. . . .'"

Carol crossed the lawn slowly, with a sense of impending trouble. Freda, she saw, had run into the house. Eric still waited. His hand ruffled Ricky's hair, but he was hardly aware of what he did. He watched his wife—and Dr. Rappaport too—with a puzzled frown.

When he had kissed her, however, it was not of the doctor he spoke. He muttered, "That Kloster mess certainly threw things out of gear today. Everything went wrong. The men at the factory are jittery."



"It was a dreadful thing to happen, Eric. It hurt your father terribly."

"It hurt all of us! The last thing we wanted was to attract official attention to the plant."

She saw, as they walked toward the door, that he looked tired today. Irritated, too. His blond hair was disarrayed; his collar was wilted.

"Something else came up this afternoon," he added. "Nothing serious, but it's going to cause delay. We've got to prove you're an Aryan."

Carol halted in surprise. "I? What on earth for?"

"Government regulation. A man can't do business unless he gives documentary proof of his own Aryan descent and his wife's."

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed in exasperation. "We can't seem to take a step in any direction without colliding with a government edict!"

"Well, there's no use moaning. We've got to do it. I can produce my proof, all right, but yours is a job."

"What sort of proof am I expected to furnish?"

"Birth certificate."

"But it's in Cleveland."

He nodded. "I explained all that to the man who called. He said we'd have to arrange to have the necessary documents presented to the German consul over there. If they're in order, the consul will cable local officials and I'll be all right. We'd better wire your folks to attend to it."

She had no objections to that, though the whole procedure struck her as grotesque.

They entered the house to find Freda awaiting them in the living room—a Freda whose face was almost as white as the dress she wore. The fires in her eyes were a shock to Carol, yet Freda managed to keep her strained voice low.

"How *could* you do that, Carol? Stand in the street and talk to that man! Let Ricky play with the child!"

"Why, I—what's the matter, Freda?"

"He's *Rappaport*!"

"I know."

"And you stood there shaking his hand, for everybody to see, letting Ricky play—"

Carol looked in bewilderment at Eric. He too was dismayed. He started to speak, but shut his mouth without saying anything. Scowling, he turned to a window.

She said to Freda, "I see nothing wrong in Ricky's playing with the child. In New York we have lots of Jewish friends. Ricky's been playing with their children as long as I can remember. He goes to a nursery school that has youngsters whose religion we never even stopped to consider."

"This is not New York."

"Still, Ricky will have to go back to New York, Freda. I don't want him to come home with a lot of distorted ideas that will make him a misfit."

Freda's blue eyes flared. "I am not concerned with what you do in New York. That is your life. But here—you should have some consideration for *us*. Remember, we have to live in Berlin! I—I did not speak like this when you ignored us and went to the *Schutzstaffel*. I kept quiet even when you went to Hanover. But this—Carol, to stand in the street and talk to Jews!"

Carol regarded her thoughtfully. From now on, she knew, there would be an impassable wall between her and Freda, and she regretted it.

"I think," she said, "this is something Eric and I will have to decide alone."

Freda said nothing more. She threw a single hard look at Eric. Then, lips tight, she went upstairs. Carol waited until the sounds of her heels on the stairs had ended.

"Well," she sighed a bit grimly, "it looks as if we've got to make a choice, doesn't it, dear?"

"A choice?"

"Whether to remain American or go Nazi."

He faced her, his eyes irascible. "Carol, what's the use of making a fuss over a thing like this?"

"It seems pretty important to me. There's quite a principle involved."

"Not important enough to start friction between you

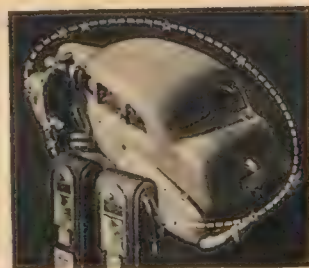
from an expert shopper:

"YOU BUY ONE...YOU GET FOUR"

1. FIRE-CHIEF. Consider one shopping fact alone . . . at its price you can't buy a better gasoline! It's quick-starting and full powered. Then remember this—with it you get three extra, valuable services, free . . .



2. Circle Service. All around your car in one quick trip . . . a ten-point courtesy check-up. Cleaning windshield, rear window, lights, checking oil, radiator, etc. This is our way of helping to keep your car running perfectly.



3. REGISTERED REST ROOMS.

So that you can be sure of a clean, safe place to stop, we have pledged you this country-wide service of cleanliness, safeguarded by Texaco's "White Patrol" inspection cars. Look for the Registered Rest Room sign.



4. COURTESY. When you drive in, it's much pleasanter to be served by cheerful courteous attendants. We believe in courtesy and helpfulness for their own sake . . . and because we want you to keep coming back, again and again.

TEXACO DEALERS

This message is published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company . . . makers of Fire-Chief Gasoline, Texaco Motor Oil—Insulated, Insulated

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 7:00 M.S.T., 6:00 P.S.T.





EVER GET KICKED BY A MULE?

1 THAT'S HOW I felt when Jane sent back my ring two months before the wedding!



2 "COME CLEAN!" I said to my sister Helen "Why did Jane throw me over?"



3 "YOU LOST JANE by a hair!" she says. "You're a good looking kid if you are my brother, but your scalp won't pass the Fingernail Test!"

4 I KNEW THEN how Jane felt when she ran her fingers through my hair. "You win, Sis!" I said, "I got a date with the barber!"



5 "YOU CAN'T GREASE your hair down" says the barber, "then expect it to stay clean between shampoos. You need this 3-action hair tonic—Wildroot-with-Oil! The old Wildroot formula that's been cleaning up dirt and dandruff scales for years—plus pure vegetable oils that won't build up grease on your scalp!"



6 YOU'D NEVER THINK the right hair tonic could make such a difference. This Wildroot-with-Oil cleans as it grooms, with a mild, clean scent that disappears while-you-wait! I'm taking a bottle with me on the honeymoon!

35¢

60c and \$1 at all drug dealers. Professional applications at barbers.



WILDROOT CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.
FORT ERIE, ONT.

WILDROOT WITH OIL

THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS 2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES

and Freda. After all, she's right. This is her life. We haven't the right to—disrupt it, to embarrass her."

Carol gaped at him.

He argued: "We've got to be here for quite some time, and I see no point to starting family trouble over a—over Rappaport. Be sensible about it. I know how you feel. But when in Rome . . ."

They were silent after that. Nervously Eric lit a cigarette. With amazed eyes she watched him toss the match away; watched him inhale a deep draught of smoke.

"You know," she said deliberately, after a long pause, "I came here determined to like Germany. I wanted to like it. For your sake. But the longer we're here, Eric, the more impossible it becomes."

"How can you say that? You haven't seen Germany yet. Not the good features, anyhow."

"When do I begin seeing them? Where?"

"As soon as you make up your mind to keep away from people like the Gerhards and Rappaports," he retorted. "What kind of impression do you expect to get, anyhow, from—enemies of the country?"

"That sounds like something you heard from Freda."

"It's the truth, isn't it?" Abruptly his manner changed. The frown vanished and he became conciliatory. "Oh, come on—let's not squabble over things like this. It's silly." He patted her arm and strode across the room. "I'm going to see father."

"But, Eric—" She remained inarticulate with the feeling that something in her life was crumbling. It was a terrifying feeling. "Eric—"

"We're not going to start a family row," Eric declared with finality, "over a Jew."

WHEN Kenneth Delane arrived for Freda's dinner party Thursday evening, Carol met him in the door. She gave him her hand and a smile of genuine gladness. It was good to greet an American, some one who spoke her own spiritual language. Even his eyes, humorous and direct, allayed her tension.

"You're looking splendid!" he observed.

"The diplomat at work again?"

"No; the honest critic."

"I haven't heard sweet words like that since I left home." Yet she did look well tonight. Her chiffon dinner dress—an inspiration in summer design—did the utmost for her figure. For Eric—for all of them—she had to be at her best this evening. So she looked gay, and her eyes shone; and Kenneth Delane, in a dinner jacket, made no attempt to conceal his admiration.

As she led him into the foyer, she confided in a whisper, "It isn't every day Freda can offer her guests an Embassy attaché. You're going to be lionized."

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "I've been representing my country all

afternoon. At the Embassy and at a Gräfin's tea. I hoped there'd be surcease in Grünewald—"

Freda came out then—a glorious, glowing Freda in her swirling gown of powder blue.

The dinner was a noisy affair, overwhelmed by laughter. No doubt the generous flow of Freda's champagne contributed to the hilarity. There were eight of Eric's old friends, and four had brought wives. Eric, at the head of the table, looked delighted. Here he sat among the friends he had so often mentioned in New York. The Freihofs. Emil Hanstapel. Rudolf Sweitzer and his pretty Viennese wife, Greta. Ludwig Kemelmann. . . . Carol felt warmed to see him like this. He hadn't been in such high spirits, she realized, since they had left home. For that matter, all of them were jubilant. With one exception.

This was Felix Jung. Freda had never before met Herr Jung. But when Eric had said, "He used to be one of my closest friends," she had promptly phoned him. He sat opposite Carol now—a tense, thin, dark-haired figure. He seldom spoke. When he did, it was with a cynical twist of lip. And he was becoming quite drunk. . . .

BUT the dinner was being dominated by Franz Reiner.

Franz was enormous. He had a red face, and great bulges of flesh rolled over the rim of his collar. He had cut his blond hair short, so that it rose from his head like the bristles of a brush. Franz Reiner, Carol decided in awe, probably weighed close to three hundred pounds.

She gathered that he held some official position, but what it was she couldn't determine. His drolleries were endless, and every one roared at them—every one except Felix Jung. Small Frau Reiner, who sat beside her husband, watched his bulk shake in mirth, and looked helplessly around the table as if to say, "He's simply irrepressible!"

It was after dinner, while they were returning to the living room for cigarettes and liqueurs, that Kenneth Delane managed to find his way to Carol's side.

"Been doing the town?" he inquired, his voice low and casual.

She admitted, "I've been going everywhere in the past couple of days. They really have some lovely shops."

"Fashion editor studies local fashions."

"And local cafés. Ricky has learned to ask for ice cream in German."

"You ought to bring him around to the Embassy. He'll love us. We all speak English."

Franz Reiner's jovial voice cut through all other conversation. A cigar in his hand, he was saying to Eric: "It doesn't seem like ten whole years since the night we all went to the Gloria Palast, and drank beer afterward in the Café am Zoo. I'll never forget that night." He turned

his merry little eyes toward Carol. "It was a farewell, Frau Traub. We all wept into the beer and hugged him and cried, 'Auf wiedersehen.'" He grinned back at Eric. "We have made some changes in the *Vaterland* while you were away, eh?"

Eric agreed: "It's hard to recognize the place."

"You remember how we were all wondering where we would get jobs? Young men just out of school—how we envied you for going to America! Ach, America, it was paradise!"

Eric reminiscently nodded.

"But," Franz Reiner chuckled, "you won't find any German who wants to leave Germany *now*. As for jobs—did you read the latest figures? Goebbels has announced that there are three hundred and ten thousand jobs that cannot be filled because there are not enough idle men!"

"Remarkable," murmured Eric. "Yes, I read that."

"Last month," Reiner continued, addressing the whole room, "I went to Switzerland. In the *Kursaal* at Lucerne I talked with an American. He did not like dictatorship. He said so with great emphasis. So I asked him how many unemployed men there were in his America. About ten million, he admitted. Ten million who cannot find work in a democracy! And no unemployment, but three hundred thousand jobs looking for men in the Reich! . . . What is the answer?"

Nobody ventured a reply. In a corner, where he had settled with a second glass of kummel, Felix Jung twisted a sardonic lip. His red-rimmed eyes were fixed on the glass.

Herr Reiner needed neither a reply nor encouragement.

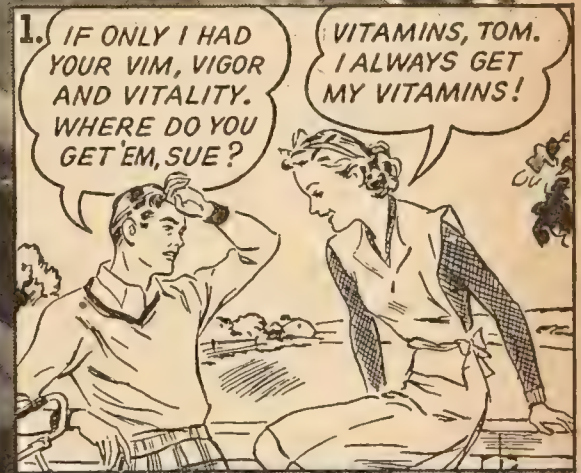
"In America, in France, in England—everywhere—there are strikes, strikes, strikes. Why? Because the workingman is not satisfied. Nobody makes provision for his happiness. But have you heard of a strike in Germany? No! Here such a thing could not be!"

Kenneth Delane said quietly, "One of the things we're proud of, Herr Reiner, is our *freedom* to strike. A strike implies freedom of expression."

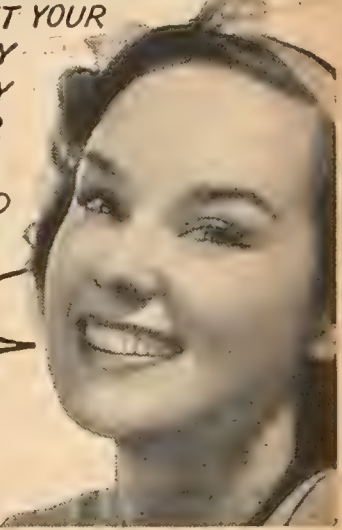
"Freedom!" scoffed Franz Reiner, as if it were a word used only by fools. "What good is freedom if it brings want and misery, unemployment and struggle between classes? Remember that we too once had freedom! We had our bitter taste of it before der Führer came. And where did it lead us? To hunger, to despair. It made us a helpless nation. We had to cast off this delusion of freedom before we could lift our heads again!" He turned to point his cigar at Eric.

"We Germans have learned much under der Führer. We saw the democracies flounder and make a pitiful exhibition of themselves in the League of Nations. In 1936, when we marched into the Rhineland, we learned that what Goebbels said was true. 'The League,' he said, 'is good, but air squadrons and army corps are

SAY! DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED?



IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP! IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS B AND D. EAT PEP EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!

Vitamins give you Pep!
PEP gives you Vitamins!*

*Vitamins B and D. Each 1 oz. serving of Pep gives 1/5 of an adult's and more than 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of Vitamin B—as much Vitamin D as a teaspoon of U. S. P. cod-liver oil. These are not the only vitamins you need. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

still better.' He was right. Did any of your idealistic democracies try to stop us? No! Eric, the time for government by meaningless words like freedom is past. It has failed. We have learned the strength that lies in the politics of realism. Of might. It has served us well. Today Germany is respected. There is not a nation which would dare to attack us!"

"Franz," a low voice said, "you talk like a fool."

Felix Jung spoke quietly.

His words brought a sudden strained hush. It was as if they all caught their breaths.

"You read a few lines in the *Stürmer* or the *Völkischer Beobachter*," he mocked, "and you accept them as holy writ. Don't goggle at me like that, Franz. I know this is heresy. But I've had my fill of talk like yours. For five years I've listened to it. In disgust. In despair. And all the time I've watched our country being strangled to death."

"*Felix!*" somebody whispered, shocked. "*Please!*"

He gave the warning no heed. "So we have no unemployment?" The words seethed with contempt. "Of course not. We put a million men into the army. Do they produce anything? No. But they're employed. We have to pay their wages. We have to feed them. We put hundreds of thousands more into the S. A. and the *Schutzstaffel*, to police Germany, to spy on Germans. Do they produce anything we can market? No. But they are employed. We must pay them. We have hundreds of thousands turning out munitions. Munitions that we store away. Is it national wealth they are producing? Does it bring an income? No. Yet those men are employed. They are paid. . . . How long do you imagine we can go on employing and paying men who produce nothing we can sell?"

"Felix," declared Franz Reiner, his face scarlet with anger and disgust, "you're speaking like a Communist!"

"As soon as a man says something sensible, he's a Communist. It's a great compliment you pay the Communists, Franz. But I'm not one of them. No. I'm just giving my brain an airing. For five years I have buried it. Tonight I'm—"

"You're drunk!"

"*Gewiss*. I'm drunk. Just drunk enough to take my brain out into the light for once and examine it. Maybe I'm still human. Maybe I can still think."

He finished his *kümmel* at a gulp, set the glass aside.

"So there's no unemployment," he repeated in that same sardonic way. "Of course not. We have taken all our women out of industry. Der Führer says woman belongs in the home, not on a job. *Kinder, Kirche, Küche* [children, church, kitchen]—he makes them repeat it a thousand times. That is all they are good for, the three Ks. It's easy to eliminate unemployment when you eliminate half the nation like that, when women don't count at all. You ask him what he has done for the women of Germany, and what does he reply? Remember what he said at Nuremberg? He told them, 'My answer is this—that in my new army I have provided you with the finest fathers of children in the whole world; that is what I have done for the women of Germany!' . . . Bravo! Heil Hitler! He gives the women soldiers! What else can women ask of life?"

FELIX JUNG stopped for breath. The others regarded him with downright horror. Was he insane? Freda bent over him, whispered something in panic. But he pushed her aside. He rose unsteadily.

"We have achieved power," he said. "*Jawohl*, that is true. And what have we sacrificed for this military power? Everything! *Everything!* We have ripped all culture and refinement and truth out of ourselves." He swung blazing eyes to Eric, who was stunned. "I was a schoolteacher. For two years I taught history. Do you know why I quit? Because they distorted truth even in the history books! They asked us to teach that all civilization was wrong, ugly, and diabolical—unless it received the approval of the Nazi Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda, Dr. Goebbels. I couldn't do that. I couldn't teach their stupid lies merely to help them build military strength. And strength for what? To glorify der Führer! To seize more land!"

"Germany," rasped Franz Reiner, trembling with outrage, "wants no more land! You are crazy!"

"Who says she wants no land?"

"Der Führer himself!"

Felix Jung laughed at that—a crash of terrible laughter. "He said it in 1933, in 1934, and in 1935," he whispered. "And in 1936 he seized the Rhineland. He said it again in 1937. And in 1938 he seized Austria. He said it again after Austria. Now he will seize the Sudetenland!" This was downright treason, but Felix Jung did not stop. He pointed an accusing finger at Franz. "Have you been to Munich in the past few years?"

"No! Felix, I warn you—"

Felix Jung ignored them. "You should go to Munich, you who say we want no land! Over the great *Feldherrnhalle*, the Vatican of Nazidom, there are ten wreaths. Each bears the name of a land for which Germany mourns: Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein, Sudetenland, Memel, South Tyrol—ten of them. Troops guard the wreaths. Every day fresh flowers are put before them. No one may approach without a solemn salute. I tell you, we will not stop—we cannot stop in this madness—until we have seized these lands! Why else should we mourn their absence from the Reich?"

FRANZ REINER pressed a handkerchief to his wet forehead. He was crimson. His eyes glared.

"Oh, we're strong, all right," jeered Felix Jung. "And to what purpose do we use our strength? To persecute. The great and noble spirit of Germany—the spirit of Goethe, of Schiller—is beaten into a sword with which to attack the helpless Jews. Our might gives us the right."

"And you think der Führer has brought us the world's respect? You are blind, Franz. Blind! We are not respected. We are *despised*. That is what he has brought upon us—the hatred and contempt of all civilization! Ask Eric, here. He has been in America. Ask *him* how they despise us!"

Felix Jung's impassioned accusation was ended by Franz Reiner's fist. It was a blow Franz could no longer withhold. He drove it straight to Felix Jung's mouth, and Felix staggered against the wall.

When he straightened, after a few seconds, his battered lips were bleeding. He pressed a handkerchief to them, but the mockery in his eyes persisted.

"So," he whispered, breathless. "You demonstrate it perfectly, Franz. The final answer of Nazidom. Force! You know no other argument. Only a blow."

Franz said hoarsely, "Frau Traub, I beg you to forgive me. But I must also ask you to send him out of the house. He is mad. He is drunk!"

"You won't have to put me out, *gnädige Frau*," Felix said with exaggerated courtesy. "I am going. God knows where, but I am going. And as soon as I am gone my good friend Franz will telephone the *Schutzstaffel* to arrest me for treasonable utterances." . . . He smiled at Franz Reiner. "*Auf wiedersehen*, my friend. Perhaps you too will be drunk some day. And allow yourself to think. Then we shall meet—in a concentration camp."

Nobody stirred as he swayed across the room. Horror still held them inarticulate. Freda, whose dinner party lay in ruins, sat in a kind of paralysis. Only Franz Reiner's heavy breathing was audible.

Near the door, Felix Jung paused before Carol. He looked into her eyes with bitter wisdom.

"Frau Traub," he said, "take Eric away before they pour their poison into him. That is my advice to you—I who *know* Eric. Take him away before they pollute his mind and his heart. . . . They're doing it now. They have already started."

Then he swayed out of the room, out of the house. Nobody attempted to stop him. They stood watching, and Carol's heart pounded. It was only after he had gone that Franz Reiner recovered his wits. He sucked in a sharp breath and went at once to the telephone.

What will be the effect on Carol of this highly dramatic and revealing clash in the heart of Nazidom? Is it true that Eric's mind is being poisoned with propaganda? Can Carol save him and her happiness from ruin? Get next week's *Liberty* for the exciting sequence.

YOUTH IN THE SHADOWS

Hollywood ponders the seamy side of things again—and, for a note of contrasting cheer, Vital Statistics come back!

BY BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ½ BOY SLAVES

THE PLAYERS: Anne Shirley, Roger Daniel, James McCallion, Alan Baxter, Johnny Fitzgerald, Walter Ward, Charles Powers, Walter Tetley, Frank Malo, Paul White, Arthur Hohl, Charles Lane, Norman Willis, Roy Gordon. Screen play by Albert Bain and Ben Orkow from an original story by Mr. Bain. Directed by P. J. Wolfson. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 72 minutes.

THIS misses being a gripping screen document by a margin. Not a great margin, but it misses. More time, more care, more expert direction—and a grimly forceful film would have emerged from Hollywood.

Here you have a gang of nomadic young outcasts—boys of the road—beating their way from one hide-out to another. They're tough little near-outlaws and suddenly they find themselves arrested. A hick magistrate turns them over to a plausible stranger, who dumps them into a turpentine camp. There they are virtual slaves, guarded in an armed stockade, finding themselves more and more in debt to their employers. The camera centers down upon a single stray, a boy who has felt himself a burden to his poverty-stricken mother and who has taken to the road to find work. The hoodlums mistake him for a stool pigeon, ride him cruelly—and only his pitiful little try to free them changes their opinion of him.

A fifteen-year-old boy, Roger Daniel, in his first picture, plays this lonesome wanderer tenderly and movingly. This lad has possibilities. And Jimmy McCallion, as the gang leader, is vigorous and real. Promising Anne

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Shirley is lost in the tiny role of a camp slavey.

This film comes close to being a human cross section of life, a vigorous story told before a sinister background. It is hard, cruel, brave, as far as it has the ability to go.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Roger Daniel's first film. Born in Akron, Ohio. He was attending Woodrow Wilson Junior High in Glendale, California, when screen scouts found him. Was living with his aunt and uncle. His dad died when he was five, his mother a year later. Plays the piano and guitar, organized a school band with his brother. Trains homing pigeons. Took 24 of 'em on location in the San Jacinto mountains, releasing two a day. They made the 112 miles back to Glendale in 10 hours flat. . . . Paul White, the seventeen-year-old black boy of the gang, hails from Harlem. Started six years ago by winning an amateur night at the Lafayette Theater in the dark belt. Bandmaster Ted Lewis signed him and he danced with Ted for three years. His ebony nonchalance led to the stage and then to films. . . . Jimmy McCallion, the gang czar, speaks French fluently, likes to study history best. . . . One of the gang boys is Walter Tetley, not so long ago the best known lad on the air waves. Has taken part in more than 8,000 broadcasts. Frosty-voiced Fred Allen took him to Hollywood when he migrated West to divide his time between mikes, close-ups, and heckling Jack Benny. . . . Johnny Fitzgerald, another lad, is a former New Orleans jockey turned night-club hooper. The director let the eight gang boys wreck their turpentine shack as a reward for their work after this sequence was shot. The kids did it in nine seconds flat and loved it. . . . Watch Roy Gordon as the kindly, human judge. He steals a hit in as long a single speech as you'll hear in months of chatter films.

★ ★ ½ PRIDE OF THE NAVY

THE PLAYERS: James Dunn, Rochelle Hudson, Gordon Oliver, Horace MacMahon, Gordon

Jones, Charlotte Wynters, Joseph Crehan, Charles Trowbridge. Screen play by Ben Markson and Saul Elkins from a story idea by James Webb and Joseph Hoffman. Directed by Charles Lamont. Produced by Republic. Running time, 65 minutes.

SERVICE films are coming thick and fast. War and preparedness crowd the front pages these days—twenty years after the well known affair to end all wars, and the films are trailing along with their sagas of guns and gases.

Two pals in love with the same girl, a captain's daughter. One is an ambitious young naval lieutenant, designing a strange little two-man torpedo speedboat. He can't quite get the thing to work, and calls on his friend, now a speedboat racer since being expelled from Annapolis for something or other. Speed Brennan not only gets the contrivance to work, but he goes after his pal's sweetheart.

Far be it from me to say whether or not the hero's seagoing killer is workable, but the plot is of standard machine design. Still, it is pleasant enough, with one Horace MacMahon stealing the film as Speed's comedy mechanic, a gent with a face you won't forget.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jimmy Dunn was raised in New Rochelle and used to play with Eddie Foy's seven kids, not to mention Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day. What a neighborhood gang! He worked in a brokerage house, did bits in stock companies, sold lunch wagons, was an auto-race mechanic, a motorcar salesman, and a customers' man. Once he made \$10,000 selling lunch wagons, lost it pronto in the market. They were quick-lunch carts. . . . Brown-eyed, svelte Rochelle Hudson hails from Claremore, Oklahoma. Wanted to be a singer, took a movie test, landed in pictures. Because she came from near his birthplace, Will Rogers helped her get roles in several of his films. Rochelle has kept a diary for six years.



Dainty Rochelle Hudson, Gordon Oliver, and James Dunn in *Pride of the Navy*.

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

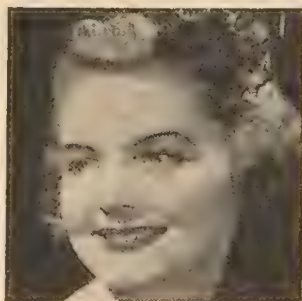
Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel
— And You'll
Jump Out of Bed
in the Morning
Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores.

YOU CAN WIN!

Get your share of PRIZE CONTEST MILLIONS! My Students have already won ONE THIRD of a MILLION DOLLARS!

FREE HELP! Write for your gift copy of my newest "CONTEST BULLETIN"—chock-full of news of big, enticing Contests now running, plus exciting tips on how to win. Write NOW! A penny postal will do. Simply ask for "the free Bulletin".

WILMER SHEPHERD

1015 Chestnut St.

Philadelphia, Pa.

KNIFE WITH SAFETY FEATURES



HERE is a new kind of knife that opens and closes with one hand and locks automatically at three blade lengths. No broken fingernails. No danger of fingers being cut by blade snapping shut... Neat, handy, useful, durable. Stainless steel frame. Blade of finest razor steel, chromium plated... Smart, practical. Trim, sleek, space-saving design. Light weight. Fine enough to wear on the handsomest watch chain. Press the button and slide the blade smoothly out or in. Really 3 blades in one.

Guaranteed to please... At your dealer's, or sent post paid for \$1. Use coupon below.

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio.

Y-7
Enclosed is \$1.00 for a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my \$1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) This offer good in U. S. A. only.

Don't say you weren't warned. . . . Comedian Horace MacMahon happened to be an actor. He worked his way as a student at Fordham Law School by playing in a Yonkers stock company. His face got him a job on the stage in *Is Zat So?* and then in *Sailor Beware*. In real life Horace is engaged to Louise Campbell, the heroine of *Men with Wings*. Louise loves that face, honest. . . . The sea sequences were shot at San Pedro, California. . . . Gordon Jones, son of an Iowa clergyman, starred in football at the University of California. Was a radio announcer and an air actor before he drifted to films. . . . The monkey's name is George Napoleon and he's twelve years old. He does NOT autograph photos. . . . His owner, Tony Campanero, used to grind an organ. Now he sits around studio sets in luxury.

The weekly \$10 prize for reviews covered in the January 28 issue of *Liberty* has been awarded to Harry Weiss, 1246 Westchester Avenue, New York, New York, for a review of *The Beachcomber*.

★ ★ INSIDE STORY

THE PLAYERS: Michael Whalen, Chick Chandler, Jean Rogers, Douglas Fowley, Charles D. Brown, John King, June Gale, Spencer Charters, Jane Darwell, Theodore von Eltz, Louise Carter, Jan Duggan, Cliff Clark, Charles Lane, Bert Roach. Screen play by Jerry Cady from a story by Ben Ames Williams. Directed by Ricardo Cortez. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 62 minutes.

THE romance of a hard-boiled reporter and a tough little blonde of a clip joint. He's the usual movie newspaperman, being steamed out of an alcoholic bender in the opening shots. Still, he writes a Broadway column between liquid moments, she plies her wiles on unsuspecting college boys and silly old spenders, stealing their coin. But beneath their hard exteriors are hearts of gold. As a stunt, the columnist devises a search for a lonely Cinderella who is to spend Christmas with him on uncle's farm upstate.

She wants to get away from it all and applies. Once they get before the farmhouse fireplace, they realize the sham and tinsel of ol' Broadway. Then, just as he is fixing a glittering star to the Christmas tree and they're singing Jingle Bells, the sinister chief of the night club bursts in.

He's afraid the little blonde will

tell on him, plans to take her for a ride. Destination, the East River.

It's a passable enough B picture, pleasantly done by Michael Whalen as a sentimental Winchell. Chick Chandler is his pal, a comedy news photographer. And Jean Rogers is blonde and flinty as the madonna of the clip joints.

Behind the drama is another drama. It's actor Ricardo Cortez' first try as a director. Our verdict is he'll do.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is the third of a series called *The Roving Reporters*, but the producers are soft-pedaling mention of a series. Seems fans are turning vs. the series idea. . . . This was called *A Very Practical Joke* while in work. . . . Michael Whalen started out with the cognomen of Joseph Kenneth Shovlin. Worldly debut took place at 11 Park Avenue, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. H'm—Shovlin, coal country. Gag! Sure and his father was an Irish contractor. Mike made his business debut as a stock boy in a Woolworth store at Pottsville, Pennsylvania. Moved up in the red fronts until he was made manager of one of the stores in Philadelphia. Red rebellion hit Mike's soul. At twenty-three he took his savings of \$1,800, walked out, and headed for New York. He wanted to be an actor. Tough going until Zanuck found him. Had exactly twenty-seven cents in his pocket when he was signed. Now has the twenty-seven cents framed on the wall of his study. Has been building a thirty-two-foot sloop in his back yard. Hopes he'll have better luck than Allen Jenkins. Allen couldn't get his home-built craft out of his yard. . . . This is the first film directed by Ricardo Cortez, reformed actor—if they ever reform. Ric has harbored a meager urge for ten years. Finally the Fox folks gave him his break with *Inside Story*. Ric has played in 250 films. Acted leads on 1,100,000 feet of film, not counting foreign versions. Real name was Jack Krantz and he worked as board operator in a Manhattan brokerage office until the urge took him to the old Fort Lee studios. Broke in as an extra fifteen years ago. Got his film name while looking in a cigar-store window. Was Garbo's first American leading man in *The Torrent*. . . . There was a mob at the Fox studios when Cortez sent out a call for the twenty homeliest women in Hollywood; 150 applied and all the studio clocks wavered.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—*Idiot's Delight*, *Made for Each Other*, *That Certain Age*, *The Sisters*, *You Can't Take It with You*.

★★★½—*Ice Follies of 1939*, *Jesse James*, *Gunga Din*, *Walt Disney's Shorts*, *Sweethearts*, *If I Were King*, *The Great Waltz*, *Men with Wings*, *Spawn of the North*, *Angels with Dirty Faces*, *The Lady Vanishes*, *Four Daughters*.

★★★—*Love Affair*, *The Three Musketeers*, *The Mikado*, *Café Society*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Wings of the Navy*, *Persons in Hiding*, *They Made Me a Criminal*, *Honolulu*, *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*, *The Beachcomber*, *Pacific Liner*, *Zaza*, *Tail Spin*, *Kentucky*, *Stand Up and Fight*, *Pygmalion*, *The Great Man Votes*, *Christmas Carol*, *Trade Winds*, *Dawn Patrol*, *Out West with the Hardys*, *Submarine Patrol*, *Dramatic School*, *Just Around the Corner*, *The Shining Hour*, *Sixty Glorious Years*, *The Cowboy and the Lady*, *Gangster's Boy*, *Brother Rat*, *Suez*, *The Arkansas Traveler*, *Mr. Wong Detective*, *There Goes My Heart*, *Service de Luxe*, *Room Service*, *Garden of the Moon*, *Carefree*, *Boy Meets Girl*, *The Road to Reno*, *Sing You Sinners*, *The Crowd Roars*.

SOME feminine impressions of our leading G-man:

One secret of J. Edgar Hoover's success revealed itself to me as soon as I met him, awhile ago, and talked with him in an informal way. Only twice before have I heard men speak with voices as quietly suave and absorbing as his. There was the golden voice of Benoit Coquelin, immortal of the French stage; then the voice of Vassili Katchaloff, Moscow Art Theater star, to whom I've listened for many hours with eyes ecstatically shut. John Edgar Hoover's speaking voice is in the same class. No wonder he pries confessions out of criminals. I hope he never goes to work extracting the true story of my life from me. I know I'd tell all. And so would you.

He gave me straight tips about the best methods for memorizing the tell-tale characteristics of suspicious characters. "Watch their mannerisms," he said. "Make-up or plastic surgery can change their features, but they seldom are able to break the habit of pronouncing certain words in a special way, or of using individual phrases and gestures. A slang term they cling to, a peculiar lift of the eyebrows or twist of the lips—in actual practice, the art of criminal identification relies largely upon such giveaways."

Sneaking side glances at G-man Hoover, I tried to see what mannerisms *he* had that might betray him. He hasn't any. None except his extraordinary voice. . . . But I could spot him anywhere if I heard him talking.

★ The daughter of a wealthy meat wholesaler in my neighborhood became engaged to a budding chemist fresh from college. Her father wanted a son-in-law who'd help him with his meat. Urged the boy to spend week-ends at their home, then got him up early for morning meat lessons at the warehouse. "I'd go to bed thinking soft warm thoughts about my girl," says the boy, "only to be chased out at dawn and taught how to slap ice-cold carcasses around. It wasn't romantic!" . . . He and the girl ran away and were married. He has a beginner's job in his own line. There is another daughter, and papa has gone right to work conditioning *her* best beau for the meat trade. It would just be poor papa's luck if she should elope with a vegetarian!

★ Drums on your midriff! Drums along your front! . . . Martha Sleeper, ace designer of buckles and buttons, thought up the new drum trimmings that turn a homemade sports dress into an exclusive model. The miniature drums, both as buckles and buttons, are of shiny composition, white or

blue, with fine lacings of red leather and tiny drumsticks attached. They're smart, they start talk, and are inexpensive. . . . If you *must* be lucky, the new Indian-doll buttons may suit you. Supposed to bring luck. . . . Another novelty is the Martha Sleeper zoo of animal buttons, all wearing wide circus grins. Might give a shy boy friend some Tarzan ideas.

★ According to scientific report, the average human of today weighs four pounds more than did the average human of seventy-five years ago. By strange coincidence, it was exactly seventy-five years ago that we began our modern practice of dieting to keep slim!

★ If you're straight-haired, a cross

section of each hair shows it to be round in shape. You'd be a curly-locks if the cross-section shape were oval. . . . American Indian women and Chinese women grow the longest tresses. . . . John W. King makes the subject entertaining in his new book, *Give Your Hair a Chance*. (Published by the Bradner Publishing Company, Cambridge, Massachusetts.)

★ An odd-sounding name can be an embarrassment at times—as I surely realize. Yet there are times when a peculiar name has advantages. For example: . . . In an elevator a friend of mine overheard three men talking about a woman. They were saying such nice things about her that my friend's curiosity was aroused. Wondered who she could be. One of the three men was Ed Wynn, and just as he left the elevator my friend heard him say:

"Yes, *Tallulah's* a grand girl."

Nothing further to puzzle over.

Tallulah Bankhead, of course.

★ Serve a green salad with this *Neapolitan Rice Casserole* and you'll have a perfect repast for early spring. Make the rice casserole as follows: . . . Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice 15 minutes in 3 cups bouillon. Drain, spread out on platter, and dry in slow oven for 5 minutes. Cook elbow macaroni to equal half the quantity of the rice. Mix macaroni and rice together, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cold tongue, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked green peas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped string beans, 1 cup tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon butter, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese.

Place in buttered oven-proof dish; sprinkle generously with grated cheese; brown well in hot oven.



"Do you think a pink dress will be all right for the Blue Grotto?"

REHEARSAL FOR

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ALTHOUGH Kathleen Roberts is in love with Patrick Bell, the handsome and wealthy young contractor in whose office she works, she breaks their engagement because she is convinced that he is dishonest in his business dealings. Pat is amazed. He could have understood it if she had refused to marry him when she discovered that his relations with Sandra, a night-club singer, had been more than friendly, but he cannot see why a matter of business ethics should come between them.

Hannah Arnold, a dress designer for Eloise, Inc., with whom Kathleen is living while her mother and father are abroad, shares Pat's viewpoint, but she cannot persuade Kathleen to change her mind. She tries to, desperately, for her own sake, for she realizes that, with Kathleen free, she, Hannah, will have very little chance of winning back Paul McClure, a playwright whom she loves and who, in turn, is madly in love with Kathleen.

Another person who is annoyed that the engagement is off, is Jim Haines, Pat Bell's right-hand man. Jim, a silent, rather grim man who goes off periodically on drunken sprees to forget his unhappiness—his young wife is hopelessly insane—does not really like Kathleen, but he is enraged that any girl could turn down Pat, whom he idolizes.

Kathleen, who is sorry for Jim, offers to go with him to the asylum to see his wife, and one Sunday they drive there. Jim, to disabuse his wife's mind of a suspicion that Kathleen has replaced her in his affections, says that she is "Pat's girl." At that, the madwoman begins to laugh.

"Pat's?" she says. "That's funny! I was his girl, too!"

As the attendant takes her, shrieking, down the corridor, Jim says dully, "All these years . . . Pat!"

PART EIGHT—DESPAIR . . AND A HAVEN

THE dreadful sounds in the corridor died away. There were other sounds, normal, human: heels clicking by, a snatch of conversation, and then a face looking in for a moment, curiously.

Haines muttered, "I need a drink."

Kathleen touched his shoulder. She said quietly, "Let's get out of here and find one, Jim—"

His car was parked with dozens of others in the severe semicircle before the institution. Walking toward it, she saw that he staggered. His face was something that she would not soon forget. She was so torn with pity for him and for the girl—she looked like a girl; one thought of her as very young—that she did not now consider what she had heard in relation to herself.

She asked, "Want me to drive?"

"No, I'm all right," he told her dully.

She was frightened when he took the wheel, backed out, pulled away. It was suicide to let him drive, she thought. But she did not wish to irritate him by arguing. She sat still, trying to relax, her hands folded. Snow and ice had remained from the last storm, but the highways were clear. She saw with relief that he drove steadily, without effort.

He said, "I know a place . . . it isn't much. . . ."

"That's all right. Let's go there. . . ."

He did not speak again until they had reached the sprawling roadhouse, plastered with signs, built like a monstrous log cabin. There were a number of cars outside. When they went in, it was dark and smelled of heavy cooking, smoke, and liquor. He walked ahead of her like a man in a nightmare and found a table.

People sat in groups, talked, laughed, drank, and ate. The walls and ceiling were latticed, laced with artificial leaves and roses. There was a big fireplace, and a great radio playing loudly. Some one at the next table said, "I wouldn't miss Charlie McCarthy for *anything*!"

The cloth was clean, and the silver. A waiter sidled up. "Straight rye, double," said Jim. The waiter looked at Kathleen and she shook her head. "Coffee for me," she ordered, "a large cup, and black, please."

"Hurry," Jim told the waiter on a note of urgency.

Love



He did not speak while they waited. He simply sat there, staring ahead of him. No, not ahead. Into the present, into the past. She tried to think. She tried to make excuses. Now it was coming home to her what it meant to her, what it must mean. But Francesca Haines was not sane. You could discount everything she said, you had to discount it.

The waiter brought the drink and then the coffee. Jim drank and set down the glass. He began to talk.

"I met her," he said, "at a block party. It was summer, there was dancing. She was . . ." He halted and went on, "I'd seen her before, of course; we'd been to school together. But this was the first time I'd met her, really. You know what I mean, maybe."

He stopped. "I know," said Kathleen softly. She did not want him to talk in that dead, even voice while he stared at nothing. She did not want to hear what he had to say. She must. Let him talk, for his own sake.

"I didn't know Pat," he went on, "except by sight. I saw him for the first time at the wedding. I thought he was swell. His people and hers were related. . . ."

He beckoned the waiter. "Make it the same," he said. The coffee was scalding hot. Kathleen set the thick cup down again and waited until it cooled.

"I knew there had been some one," he said, "before I

Loyalty shattered, love at bay—A tense, tragic interlude in a vivid story of a girl's bewildered heart



Kathleen, in warm robe and pajamas, sat beside the fire in a big shabby chair and listened to the play. "What have you named it?" she asked.

came along. She'd been in love with him; he'd treated her badly. She wouldn't talk about it. I didn't make her. I never asked her his name."

He was silent for a long time. The waiter brought the second drink.

He spoke again, wiping his mouth carelessly on the back of his hand.

"After—it happened, the old man, Pat's father, sent for me and gave me the job. Later, I learned Pat had persuaded him to. He said I must have a chance."

He laughed, and Kathleen shuddered.

"That's all," he said. For the first time he looked at her. He added, as if he realized for the first time who sat there beside him, "I couldn't stand you around; you knew that. I thought, If Pat marries this dame out of the top drawer, he's in for a beating. After you talked to me that day, I told myself I was wrong; he was a lucky guy. But then you told me, as if it didn't mean much, that it was all off. I thought, I was taken in, after all. I thought, If she hurts him . . . but then I figured if I was right the first time, she'd hurt him worse if she married him. Well, you were smart."

"Jim," said Kathleen, "never mind me. I don't matter. You aren't going to believe . . . She didn't know what she was saying. She isn't . . . she isn't like other people."

"She's crazy," he said, "and you don't know anything about loving. She's crazy, and she's shut up away from me and I'll never have her again. She was—she liked to laugh. Like a kid. She liked keeping house, like a kid. She'd make something new to surprise me—a dress, a

new dish. She had wanted to go on the stage, and she did, for a little while. He helped her. But when we fell in love she didn't care about the stage any more. She *did* love me. You heard her say so."

"Of course she loved you, Jim."

"That was it," he said. "Oh, I know what the doctors said. Her mother was like that, after she was born. But she was gentle and quiet, except when she was laughing or angry. Then there was a spark in her. She was beautiful then. She would have been all right. Except—I can see it now—except because of the way she must have worried. For fear I'd find out. He used to come to the flat after we were married. He'd take us out now and again, to a show, supper. Not often. I'd say, 'He's a swell guy, isn't he?' And she'd say, 'Yes, sure, sure, he's swell.'"

He beckoned the waiter again. Kathleen said, "Oh, no!" in despair, but he did not listen.

"That's it. She was sick before the baby was born"—he choked a little on that—"dragging herself around, pretending she was all right. All the time she was thinking about Pat. About what had happened. What *must* have happened. When she was a kid, really. Seventeen perhaps, eighteen. She was almost twenty when we were married. She might have thought, I'll say something; he'll know. Maybe that was why she fought against taking the ether. She had the taint in her blood. But she would have been all right," he said stubbornly, "if—if—God!" He slammed his fist down on the table and the empty glass jumped. "It needed just that," he said slowly, "to tip her over. . . ."

The waiter came with the third drink, and Kathleen said in a low voice, "Jim, don't drink it . . . please."

"Why, I'm all right." He drank it, more slowly. "I don't even feel the stuff. I never do at first." He looked at her with his haunted eyes. "I start drinking. I don't feel it. I think about her and I start—" He set down the empty glass. "I should kill him, I suppose," he said quietly. He looked at her and his eyes were the saddest things she had ever seen.

She said rapidly, "You're jumping at conclusions, Jim. . . ." That sounded familiar; yes, of course, Pat had said it to her. "You know—nothing. What if she were in love with him as a youngster? There might have been no more to it than that. When she loved you, she forgot everything else. What happened afterward would have happened anyway. . . . Jim, try to think clearly. She had nothing, perhaps, with which to reproach herself. But today, when she remembered, it was distorted in her mind. Believe that. Go to the doctors, talk to them."

He asked stupidly, "You don't want me to kill him?"

"Oh, Jim!" She could have cried for his stupidity, his bewildered, strained mind. "What good will it do? You're all she has, all she has left in the world, all she must cling to—can't you see that?"

He said, with sudden violence, "Damn him!" He swore steadily for a minute. She sat still, listening, longing to put her hands over her ears as she had a little while ago. "I've always done his dirty work," he said. "He's crooked as a corkscrew. A lot of good-looking front. He looks at you with those honest blue eyes . . . and you think, no matter what he does, he's right. . . ."

DOCTOR'S FORMULA QUICKLY RELIEVES ITCHING, BURNING OF ECZEMA



30 YRS. CONTINUOUS SUCCESS!

If face, legs, arms or hands are covered with red, scaly Eczema—for speedy relief from the terrible itching and burning—use powerfully soothing, *liquid Zemo*. This famous prescription brings quick relief from even intense itching because it contains 10 different, speedy-acting, effective medicants long valued for helping nature to heal pimples, acne, eczema and ringworm symptoms and similar annoying surface skin irritations. Stainless, invisible—35¢, 60¢, \$1. One trial convinces! Real severe cases may need \$1.25 EXTRA strength. All drugstores.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



WE don't promise a miracle "cold cure," BUT—a good "clearing out" is a wise step in fighting colds, and FEEN-A-MINT is a wonderfully pleasant, easy means to that end. FEEN-A-MINT tastes *good*—and you get all its famous benefits simply by chewing. No wonder folks say: "It seems just like magic!" Try it *yourself*!

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE
YOUR FAVORITE
CHEWING GUM!

HERE'S A REAL OPPORTUNITY

Once in a lifetime an average salesman has a chance to become financially independent. Here's that opportunity for you. If you know how to sell anything you can cash in now. The most unusual money maker you have ever seen backed up by a selling plan that clicks from the start. Your income increases week after week because of your over-riding commissions on the work of others. You also earn liberally on your own work. Any salesman who is earning \$25 a week selling automobiles, washing machines, refrigerators, radios, or any other specialty can make five times that beginning with his first week and increasing week after week. If you're looking to cash in on your ability right now and if you want to be financially independent, write department 14, Box 187, Lafayette, Indiana, for complete details and then judge for yourself. We know and you will agree that this is the best selling opportunity in the world today for you. Is income producer every month during year, and if you are sincere and a worker will change your entire future. The product is in a class by itself and gives to the world something new the world has been waiting for. No investment required from you.

Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen?

Much nervousness is caused by an excess of acids and poisons due to functional Kidney and Bladder disorders which may also cause Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Swollen Joints, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Excess Acidity, Leg Pains and Dizziness. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids, and this soon may make you feel like new. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (sliss-tex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.



The tears crawled down his face. The hovering waiter looked distressed. Kathleen put her hand over the lax hand on the table. She ordered, "Look at me."

He did so. He said, after a moment, "So you loved him too—"

"Yes," she told him, "that's right. What I feel now, I don't know. I don't want to know."

"All these years," he said, as he had said in the reception room, "being grateful, thinking he was the swellest guy on earth." He moved his shoulders. He said, "You won't get shut of him that easy. I could do it for us both."

He was silent again. Then he said, and laughed, "I can't move. Silly, isn't it?"

Kathleen beckoned the waiter. "Stay here with him," she said, low. "Don't bring him anything more; stall him if he orders. I'm going to telephone."

SHE went out to a pay station and shut herself in. Close, evil-smelling. She called Hannah's number.

"Hannah? This is Kate. Can you tell me where Paul is? It's important."

Hannah said, "Off with the old? . . . No, I won't tell you."

"Hannah, listen to me. It isn't for myself. It's for some one else. I can't tell you about it . . . not now, but it's vital." She was pleading, she was almost crying. "You said he'd gone off in the woods somewhere. Was it to that place on Long Island he owns?"

"It's a shack," said Hannah, "in Suffolk County, on Peconic Bay. You turn off just beyond Mattituck. It's called Forest Point. Kate, what's happened?"

"I haven't time. Don't worry about me. I'll be late getting back. . . ."

Jim was still at the table. His head was on his arms; he seemed to sleep.

She paid the waiter and tipped him. She said, "Help me get him to the car."

They got him out there together, and people watched curiously, the tall, very thin, very drunken man out on his feet; Kathleen in her fur coat and little hat, her face firm; the big waiter in his white apron.

They hoisted him into the back seat, put a rug over him. Kathleen got in front. She thanked the man. She thought, as she drove away, If only he'll stay out!

It was late when they reached Mattituck. Jim had awakened, thrashed around in the back seat, risen to his feet, fumbled with the door. She slowed, stopped, spoke to him sharply. "Sit down," she said. "We're almost there. . . ."

"I've got to have a drink. . . ."

"You'll have one soon," she said.

The road to the cottage was rutted with ice; the car slued and slipped. If Paul weren't there. . . . She hadn't thought of that before. Her breath caught in her throat.

Slue and slip, bump, slue and slip. Trees, pine trees, clustered together,

and a blackness beyond which might be water. Lights, the lights of the cottage.

She drew a deep, gasping, sobbing breath and stopped the car. The windows were uncurtained; there was a porch. The house was small, one story. The trees had been cleared. Paul's car stood there, a rug over the radiator. She could see him moving about inside. There was a fireplace, bright with flame.

He had come to the door. She cried, "Paul!" And his voice answered.

"Kate?" he said. "What are you—"

"Don't talk now. Help me get him inside."

Four rooms. A living room with a fireplace, a couch, some chairs; a kitchen table, a typewriter on it; manuscript paper scattered about. Beyond, a little bedroom, a bathroom. On the other side, a kitchen.

Haines was out again. They got him inside, put him on the couch. The door shut them in together.

"Who is he?"

"Jim Haines. . . ."

"I thought it was Bell," said Paul. "He's very drunk."

He wore corduroys and a flannel shirt. His face was thinner than she remembered. It was grave. He said, "Give me that coat. . . . you're shivering. Have you had anything to eat?"

"No." She sat down docilely, let him take her coat, hat, gloves. She held her hands to the flame.

YOU must try to understand," she said. "I haven't any right to tell you this," she went on, "and I can't tell you all of it. This man Haines is in Pat's office. His wife is in an asylum." She told him why, briefly, and saw his face twitch. "He—drinks, periodic drinking, twice a year perhaps. Pat"—she faltered over the name—"Pat knows ahead. Lets him off, takes him back. I went with him today to see his wife. Something—upset him." She looked up, her rain-gray eyes pleading. "Something she said. He—wanted a drink. I thought it best to humor him. We went to a roadhouse, and—this happened. I called Hannah, to ask where you were. . . ."

"Why didn't you take him home?"

"I was afraid to—I needed help. He's gotten an idea about Pat. He—he wants to kill him, Paul."

"That makes two of us," he said grimly.

"Please, Paul. . . ." she made a gesture toward him. "Please. This is—serious. I can't tell you everything," she said, her mouth a firm red line. "But you must help me. You must keep him here until he's sober."

"Why didn't you go to Pat?" asked Paul.

She said quietly, "Our engagement has been broken."

There was a silence. Then he said, "I see." He looked at her. "I'll get you something to eat," he said. "There's some hamburger left over,

and, if I do say it, I make a mean pot of coffee and elegant fried potatoes."

She sat there, too tired to move. She watched Jim, sleeping deeply, as if he were dead. Once his face alarmed her and she leaned over to take his pulse.

After a while she got up and dragged herself into the little bathroom; scattered with heavy masculine towels and shaving things. When she came back Paul had pulled a table close to the fire.

He sat back, smoking, watching her eat. He asked, "What about you?"

"Me?"

"Getting back to town. It's snowing again," he announced, going to the windows, "and rather harder this time."

She pulled her coat around her shoulders and went out with him. The stars were obscured, the snow swirled from every direction, the wind was rising, singing through the pines.

"You've a flat," said Paul, exploring with a flashlight in his hand.

"I thought so . . . when I bumped over that last section of road," she told him.

He took her arm and hurried her into the house. "You can't drive back alone," he said, "flat or no flat. The storm's rising; there have been warnings on the radio."

She said, looking at Jim, "When he wakes and finds himself in a strange place with you—" She looked up. . . . "I'll stay here," she said, "and drive back early tomorrow morning."

JIM woke presently and sat up, his head in his hands. He raised it, looked around. He muttered, "Where's Pat? Got to find . . ." He focused his eyes on Kathleen. "Oh, it's you," he said.

She sat down beside him and took his hand.

"I brought you here," she said clearly, "to—to a friend. This is Paul McClure. There's a storm, Jim, so we're going to stay here tonight."

"I want a drink," he said, not caring.

"He'd better have it," advised Paul. "Sometimes it works." He came forward with a bottle and a glass, poured a short one. "Here you are, feller," he said.

Jim drank it and leaned back against the cushions.

"That's right," said Paul quietly. "You lean back there. Try and sleep again."

"Tell me about the play," said Kathleen presently.

"It's all but finished. There's a night ahead of us. Want to hear it?"

"I'd like to," she said.

"How about making yourself comfortable? I've an extra pair of pajamas and a robe, some nice woolly socks, and slippers a mile too big. . . ."

It was a strange night, with the storm beating outside and Jim there on the couch. Sometimes he slept,



Thrifty Fleet Operators *Show the Way* to **Greatest Economy and Dependability**

Because spark plugs are a major contributing factor to engine efficiency and economy, cost records of fleet owners provide thrifty motorists with an excellent guide to the best spark plugs for every engine.

The performance features you naturally look for in a spark plug are the same as those which leading fleet operators require. For example, Gray Line Pacific Tours, like so many exclusive users of Champion Spark Plugs, require spark plugs with maximum spread between pre-ignition and fouling. Champion Sillimanite, the world's

finest insulating material, and Champion's new and patented Sillment construction, which permanently seals them against troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs, combine to insure perfect ignition over the widest possible range of operating conditions.

Only Champion Spark Plugs have these perfected and unduplicated features. Demand them for your car, and get the extra power, smoothness, economy and dependability which make them the universal choice of champions.

IT'S THRIFTY TO INSTALL NEW SPARK PLUGS — Demand CHAMPIONS

JUST TASTE TEABERRY!

Chew a stick of any other gum—then try Teaberry—and we'll wager you'll vote for Teaberry's better taste. Try it—you'll like it!



REAL TEABERRY
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
QUALITY GUM

ALWAYS PURE
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
QUALITY GUM

LASTING FLAVOR
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
QUALITY GUM

REFRESHING
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
QUALITY GUM

IT TASTES BETTER!

You'll like
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
GUM

groaned, snored, spoke brokenly, wildly. Sometimes he was quiet.

Kathleen, in the warm robe and the pajamas, sat beside the fire in a big shabby chair and listened to the play. The snow thudded and hissed against the windows. The fire burned. Now and then Paul leaned forward to put another log on it.

When he had finished reading he said, "Well, that's that. Needs a lot of polishing."

"What have you named it?" she asked.

"Remembering Sorrow."

She said, "I can't talk about it. It's—fine. Better even than the other, your first."

He asked, as if in desperation, "Is it honest enough? Or do the words make it false? I've a wretched facility, Kate."

"It's honest," she said, and found her cheeks were wet.

"You're tired. I should be drawn and quartered." He picked her up in his arms and carried her into the bedroom. He put her down on the sheetless bed, drew blankets and quilt over her, opened the window on a crack. "Go to sleep," he said. "I'll stay with Haines."

She slept, almost at once. Once, toward dawn, she woke, frightened, wondering where she was. She heard voices next door, Paul's voice and Jim's talking steadily, as if they had been talking for hours. She closed her eyes and slept again.

MORNING was clear, a pale blue sky, brilliant sun, no wind, and a whiteness over all. Kathleen woke to the smell of coffee, and called out, sitting up in bed.

Paul came to the door with a frying pan in his hand. He asked, "How'd you sleep?"

"Like a log. . . . I'll be out of here in a moment." She added, low, "How is he?"

"O. K.," said Paul briefly, and closed the door.

She dressed, washed, and went out. Her handbag was in the living room, and she opened it to look at herself in the mirror, powder her nose, and redden her lips. The front door opened and Jim came in. He wore an old mackinaw of Paul's and his arms were full of kindling. "I think it's dry," he said. "It was under the shed."

He saw Kathleen, and the kindling started to slip from his arms. "I'm—ashamed," he said.

Paul came from the kitchen. "Come and get it," he told them. "There's only one egg. That's for Kate. Coffee, though, bacon and some bread and butter."

They sat in the kitchen and ate and drank. No one spoke except to comment on the weather. Then Paul pushed back his cup.

"Haines and I have been talking," he said, "and I've an idea—"

Kathleen looked at Jim swiftly. He was ghastly in the sunshine, red-rimmed eyes, a beginning beard, his face white and drawn. But his re-

gard was that of a sane, unhappy man.

He said, "I told him—how—what you did for me. . . . I've also said I can't go back to the office."

His eyes added, I haven't said why.

"It seems," said Paul cheerfully, "that he doesn't like our mutual friend any more. We didn't go into the reasons. They don't matter. So he'll send in his resignation."

Jim said, "I can't see him again." He looked at Kathleen in stark appeal. "I'm—afraid."

"I'll tell him," said Kathleen quietly. "Will you leave it to me—how much—or how little?"

He nodded, and Paul said briskly, "He tells me he's all right for money. . . ."

"What would I do with money," said Jim, "the way I've lived?"

"I know a place," said Paul; "he'll like it. It's in Virginia. We'll drive down there and get him settled. It's a good place, good doctors, good everything. Put him on his feet again. After he's O. K., I think I know of a job . . . in Pennsylvania. Uncle of mine."

"Perhaps it would be best," said Jim. His regard swerved to Kathleen. "I could come back," he said, "and see her—often."

Paul said, stacking the dishes, "It will work out. We'll stop by his house, pick up his things, go to the bank. I'm at a loose end. Play's done. I feel let down. Don't want to touch it for the final rewrite for a while. Thought you'd keep it for me, Kate . . . till then. . . . Meantime,

you take my car and get back to town. Stop at the garage at the crossroads, send a man out to fix that flat. When you're through with my car you can put it up." He gave her the name and address of the town garage where he kept it. "I'll give you a ring when I get back."

What had they said to each other in the graying dawn? How much had Jim told? How much had Paul guessed?

SHE started back to town, driving Paul's car, about nine o'clock that morning. Paul stayed outside while she said good-by to Jim.

He said, "You don't know how grateful . . . Perhaps I can show you."

"Jim . . . do you remember what you said last night?"

"Forget it," he said. "He isn't worth it. I'll get hold of myself somehow. The bottom's dropped out. It would be easier to drink myself to death. I'll take the hard way. Let me say this . . . the hard way, for you. For him, too." He jerked his shoulder toward the door. "I didn't know there were men like him."

Paul came to the car with her, hatless, smiling. She warned, leaning out, "You'll take cold."

"Not me. Give my love to Hannah. . . . Take care of yourself."

"I won't try to thank you. . . . I was at the end of my rope, Paul. I thought of you."

"That's the good part of it," he said. "We'll talk when I come back."

She drove off, smiling, her heart warmed. But presently she must think of what she must say to Pat.

When she reached the office, she parked the car on a side street and went in swiftly, aware that eyes followed her and that there were whispers.

She shut her own door behind her. Pat's flew open and he was there, big, vital, almost beside himself. "Where have you been?" he demanded. "When you didn't show up . . . Jim hasn't come either. What's this all about?"

She said, standing by her desk, "He isn't coming, ever. He asked me to tell you that."

"Don't be mysterious," said Pat. He looked bad, talked loudly. He came, took her in his arms and she suffered it. She had no love for him, yet her senses remembered and responded and she loathed herself.

SHE detached herself and stood back.

"All the way here," she said, "I've been thinking what I should say—how much, how little. It has to be much. Yesterday I went with Jim to the place where his wife is kept. She wanted to know who I was. 'Pat's girl,' Jim said, to reassure her. And then she—she—"

"Well, what?" demanded Pat impatiently. "What's this to do with us? Where've you been? Why isn't Jim here?"

"He knows," she said, "about you and Francesca. Or he guesses. I don't know how much is true. He believes that it was worrying about it, wondering if he'd find out, that sent her off her balance. He—he's been drunk, Pat . . . very drunk. He wanted to kill you."

"Of all the fools!"

"You can't get out of this," she said quietly.

He turned away from her and went to the window. "Well, what of it?" he said over his shoulder. "I was a hot-blooded kid, and she . . . she was head over heels. It didn't last—it couldn't. I wasn't ready to marry; didn't want to. She fell in love with Jim, and married him. Afterward, when things went haywire, I did what I could for him. I evened it up. It wasn't my fault, Kathleen." He turned and came toward her. "You've got to believe me."

"Even if I did," she said, "it wouldn't make any difference." She looked at him coolly. "You are utterly despicable," she said slowly.

"You'd punish me for that, for what happened long ago? When she went out of her mind—it was inherited insanity; it had nothing to do . . . You get hold of Jim. Send him here. . . ."

"You don't really want to see him," she said. "You're relieved because you'll never see him. He's going away today. To a place where he can rest and be taken care of and perhaps be cured. When he gets back there'll be

*that old
Velvet flavor
sure keeps
a pipe
in tune*

Velvet

PIPE AND CIGARETTE
TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO

*Better
smoking
tobacco*

Velvet

—the **MILDNESS**
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

—the **FLAVOR**
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
**Better tobacco
for both**

Copyright 1939, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



"No more 'tired' 'let-down feeling' for me"

"—I feel and look better
—there is color in my
cheeks
—my appetite is keen
—my weight is back to
normal.

"This I am noting in my Diary
and I give full credit to S.S.S.
for causing me to 'feel like
myself again.'"

So we suggest—

Don't try to get well in a day... this
is asking too much of Nature. Re-
member, she has certain natural pro-
cesses that just cannot be hurried.

Therefore, if you are *pale, tired,
lack a keen appetite, have lost weight
and feel run-down*... a frequent sign
that your blood-cells are weak—then
do try in the simple, easy way so
many millions approve—by starting
a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

Buy and use with complete confi-
dence, and we believe you, like thou-
sands of others, will be enthusiastic
in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its
part in making "you feel like your-
self again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You
will find the larger size more eco-
nomical. © S.S.S. Co.

.. In the Spring take

S.S.S.
TONIC

a good job, away from you, away from
New York—"

"Who fixed this up?" he demanded.

"I did. . . ."

"Well," he said shortly, "good
riddance. . . . To go off like that
. . . after all I've put up with, all
I've done—"

"All you've done," she agreed.

She opened the desk drawer, took
her personal belongings from it. She
faced him again, and spoke, quietly.

"I'm leaving," she said; "not wait-
ing until I am replaced. Sadie knows
of some one who will come in and—"

"You can't go—"

He was violent again, in anger, in
dismay, seizing her, forcing her
mouth to his, kissing her savagely and
without pity. He said, "You love me,
you belong to me—"

"If it's love I feel for you," she
said, when he released her, "it would
have been better if I'd never been
born. . . ."

The door closed behind her and he
stood there, staring at it. Presently
he swore and went back to his office.

He dialed a number. "Sandra?
This is Pat. Look here, honey—"

WHEN Kathleen walked in, Han-
nah was waiting.

"Where in the world have you been?"
said Hannah. "What's that?" She
seized the manuscript, gave it a cur-
sory glance. "Paul's," she said. "He
never let me read it. . . . Look here,
Kate. . . ."

Kathleen sat down. She was sud-
denly too tired to take off her outer
things. She said, "Hannah, I've made
so many explanations that I'm sick of
them. Here goes again. Take it or
leave it. I was with Jim Haines yes-
terday, Pat's right-hand man. We
went to see his wife. She's in an in-
stitution for the criminally insane.
Afterward Jim got drunk—he has a
grudge against Pat. He threatened
to kill him. I called you, and then
drove him down to Mattituck to
Paul's. I had to take him where he'd
be safe. The storm came up and I
stayed—"

"You stayed?" repeated Hannah
in a whisper.

"Yes, I stayed, and don't look at
me like that. I didn't go down there
to spend the night with Paul McClure.
I'm not in the mood," she said bitterly,
"for romance in a cabin. I went be-
cause I felt Paul would help Jim
Haines. I stayed because it stormed.
I drove back this morning, resigned
my job and, incidentally, Jim's. Paul
is taking him South to a cure place.
Afterward he thinks he can get him a
job. I drove Paul's car up, left it at
his garage. . . . And now is there
anything else you want to know?"
she asked, a little hysterically.

"Yes," said Hannah, "but I won't
ask. I'm sorry, Kate." She went down
on her knees by the other girl. She
said, "I'll be honest. I'm terrified of
you. It's over between you and Pat,
and Paul's in love with you. Not with
me, never with me again, even if he
was once, which I doubt. But I was
trying to be content. Half loaf, sec-

ond fiddle. I thought, Anything's
better than nothing when you're as
much in love"

"Love," said Kathleen. "I don't
want to hear about it. I don't want
to think about it. I'm sorry, Hannah.
There's nothing left in me, somehow.
I don't care about you and Paul. I
don't care about anything. . . . I
want to work and I want to—I don't
know what I want to do!"

Hannah said, "I spoke to Rosa
Davenport. You get the job. Will you
go around there tomorrow?"

"All right," said Kathleen. She got
to her feet. "I'm going to take a
bath," she said, "and soak. Then I'm
going to bed. Will you ask Amelia if
I could have something to eat on a
tray? Not much. . . . Then I want
to sleep."

Hannah asked, "Would Paul mind
if I read his play? Or would you let
me read it and not tell him?"

"Oh, don't be humble!" Kathleen
cried at her. "Don't be besotted and
bewitched and small! Where does it
get you? Why should he mind? It's
a great play—honest and unafraid."

"Like Paul," said Hannah.

"How do you know?" asked Kath-
leen and went in her room and
slammed her door.

How did you know anything? Pat
. . . she had dismissed him because
she didn't like his business methods,
because he cheated. Bad enough. But
nothing to the other! She thought of
Francesca and her smooth black hair,
which was disheveled as she tore at
it. "Pat's girl." Of Jim Haines, liv-
ing his unhappy life, loving one wom-
an, getting drunk because he could
not forget his tragedy, loving one
man and loyal to him.

PAUL. Fine like his play, honest
and unafraid. It was nothing to
her. She was grateful to him. He had
helped her, he would help Jim. But
she was grateful to him as if he were
a stranger. He was in love with her,
or thought he was. He had told her so
at every opportunity. So what? So
he had been helpful and dependable,
not that he cared about Jim Haines
and the hideous thing which had hap-
pened to him, but because he was in
love with her, with the woman who
brought Haines to him. Selfless mo-
tives couldn't exist in the man-woman
relationship.

Jim Haines had to thank biology
for what had happened to Francesca,
before he met her and afterward. He
had to thank it for saving him from
madness now; and Pat had it to thank
for saving him.

Nice going. . . .

She pushed aside the tray Amelia
had brought her, turned her face to
the pillows and wept. Presently she
rose and put the tray on a table,
bathed her eyes and face and turned
out the light. Perhaps she could
sleep as heavily as last night, not re-
membering Francesca's face, not
remembering Jim's, not remembering
Pat's as she had seen it last. And
above all, not remembering that when
he had taken her in his arms she had

wanted to stay, to believe him, to debase herself, and forget.

That was not love. And because it was not, she was bitterly ashamed.

In the living room, Hannah was smoking one cigarette from the butt of the other. She was reading Paul's play.

When she had finished, she thought, That's over my head. I don't feel like that. I don't think like that.

Paul did. How could she hope to mean anything to him if she could not meet him on his own ground?

She rose and mixed herself a drink. There was no sound from Kathleen's room.

She thought, Poor kid, and tried hard to piece the thing together in her mind. There were great gaps. She couldn't assemble the pattern. She tried not to think of Kathleen down there by the frozen water, among the pines, in the little cottage with Paul . . . a fire going perhaps, and the drunken man oblivious of them, sprawled out somewhere, anywhere.

It's no good, she thought; it's one of those things. . . . She doesn't love him now. She's never loved him. It was Pat all along. Could it be Pat again, after she's forgotten this, whatever it is? He's persuasive enough.

She asked herself, Would you help him, if you could? And she knew that she would.

You haven't any loyalty, she told herself, throwing a cigarette on the hearth; except to Paul, and he doesn't want it. The best thing you can do, Hannah, my girl, is to get over this—again.

The telephone rang and she answered, looking at the little gold clock. It was very late.

"Kate?"

"It's Hannah, Paul."

"May I speak to her—"

"She's asleep," Hannah said.

"She's pretty tired."

"I know. Tell her we're all right, and on our way. Stopping the rest of the night in Baltimore. We'll be in Virginia tomorrow. I'll phone her again."

"All right," said Hannah. She added, "I read the play. Kate brought it home with her. It's a knockout, Paul."

"Glad you think so," he said. "Give her my best. Be sure and say that Jim's all right."

"I'll tell her," she said. "Good night, Paul." And she hung up and turned from the telephone. He didn't care whether she liked the play or not, she thought. He knew she hadn't liked it; he knew that it frightened her, that it spoke to her with the alien lips of a stranger.

Can a woman despise and love a man at the same time? Can her ideals conquer her emotions? In the midst of Kathleen's heartbreaking struggle to free herself from a passion of which she is ashamed, Pat comes into her life again. What will she do? Read *Liberty* next week.

NO WONDER HIS PATIENTS LOST PATIENCE!



TAKE MR. NEWTON for example. He was well on the road to recovery till Dr. Glunkus came in, smoking a soupy old briar. Wow! One whiff of *that* pipe is like taking ether!



FAINTED DEAD AWAY! But Doc can't seem to figure *why*. Of course *he* doesn't think to blame that cut-throat *tobacco* he uses. Maybe the nurse will straighten things out.



"CONFIDENTIALLY, Doctor, you should operate on that briar with a couple of cleaners, then switch to Mr. Newton's tobacco. He says it's *oh-so-mild* and *ever-so-fragrant*."



THE CURE! Doc flashes a 2-ounce tin of Sir Walter and his patients perk up and cheer. Know why? It's a special burley blend...good-tastin' to *you*, and good smellin' to *others*.

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

UNION
MADE



FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for your copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-93.

HOW TO
TAKE CARE
of
YOUR PIPE

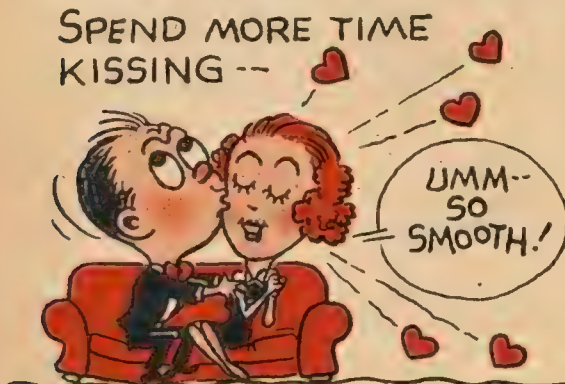
TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday evening, NBC Red Network.

Treet Topics

SPEND LESS TIME
HISSING--



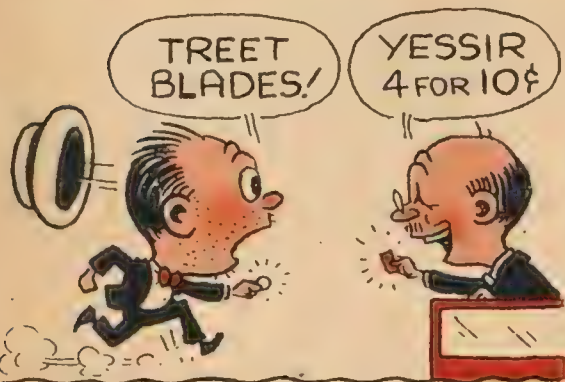
SPEND MORE TIME
KISSING--



BY SPENDING JUST
ONE
THIN
DIME



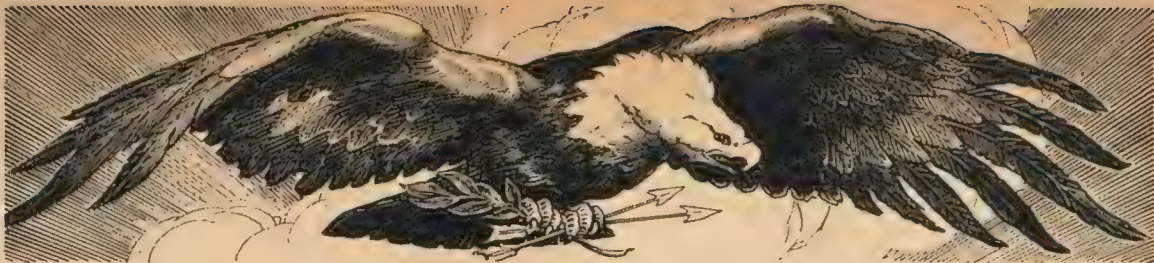
THIS WAY:



-AND TREET YOURSELF
TO A PACK OF
PERFECT
SHAVES!



Treet Safety Razor Corporation, Newark, New Jersey



WELL, AREN'T YOU?

BY BERTON BRALEY

I'm glad I live in the U. S. A.,
Where the workingman calls me Buddy,
Not caring a damn just who I am,
Nor giving the matter study.
Where the factory yard is jammed with cars,
And the man in the peddling line
Carries his pack in a brand-new hack
That's flossier far than mine.

I'm glad I live in the U. S. A.,
Where your soul is still your own;
Where you can shout what you think without
The fear of a dictophone;
Where people refuse to "know their place"
And limits of caste don't fetter
Their getting far from the place they are
To another that suits them better.

I'm glad I live in the U. S. A.,
Where the game of life is open—
A game you play the American Way
With the slogan of "Well, here's hopin'!"
Where the tramp would stare with a snobbish air
At an architect's fare in Prussia,
And a man on relief demands his beef
(Which *nobody* gets in Russia).

I'm glad I live in the U. S. A.,
Where the white chips turn to blue,
And in the most improbable way
Impossible things come true;
Where Cinderella may meet her prince,
And frequently does. And so
I'm glad I live in the U. S. A.,
Where the pumpkin coaches grow.

Do I boast and brag, do I wave the flag
As the "patrioteers" behave?
Okay, I do—but I'm telling you
It's a darn swell flag to wave!



BY NED TOMLINSON

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

SHE was a spry little lady sixty-five years old who lived in the tenements, and for a long while she had been saving up to buy a new dress to wear to church on Easter Sunday. And if you think that little old ladies who live in tenements don't have wild longings for new dresses, particularly at Eastertime, you are very much mistaken.

Slowly the hoard had grown until twelve dollars now lay at the bottom of the teapot that stood on top of the dresser in the living room. Seven dollars more, and the black silk dress with the white lace collar would be hanging in her closet. There still stretched before her, however, a dreary waste of petty, pinching self-denials only such as those who live in continual poverty can ever know. But her courage never deserted her. Age had not withered it; adversity had merely sharpened it. It was what kept her eyes bright and her heart warm.

It was her one watchword throughout life. "Have courage," was her invariable advice to those who came to her in trouble. "Courage," she would whisper to herself when things looked darkest.

She kept house for her nephew and his ten-year-old daughter on the top floor of a cold-water tenement in the lower part of New York City. More than half the time her nephew was out of work, and every dollar that went into the teapot represented a degree of economic skill that would have done credit to a committee of efficiency experts.

But she possessed one failing that is not conspicuous among efficiency experts. It was a kind and generous heart—and more than once it had proved a stumbling block in the path to her goal. A pair of shoes for little Susie, a sweater for her nephew Jim when he landed that job on the water front, a dollar here and a dollar there for a destitute neighbor, all cut into her savings. And Easter was getting closer every day!

However, if everything went exactly according to schedule, and if nothing whatever went wrong, she could still rustle down the aisle on Easter Sunday morning in that black silk dress with the white lace collar.

So she sat, chin in hand, staring into the gathering darkness; a gray-haired courageous little Napoleon of the tenements, where enemies advance but never retreat, and battles go on forever.

She came to herself with a start. Susie would be back at any moment, and it would be time to start the dinner. On her way to the kitchen she glanced at the teapot. It looked as though it had been moved. She



THE THIRTEENTH DOLLAR

climbed on a chair and took it down with shaking hands. It was empty! Some one had stolen her savings. She dimly remembered hearing stealthy footsteps in the hallway earlier in the day.

She stood for a while without motion. Fumbling in her pocket, she brought forth a small purse and took out a crumpled dollar bill. It was the thirteenth dollar of her savings; the one she had intended putting away with the rest.

She smoothed it out and turned it over and over in her hands, then walked slowly back into the other room and stood for a moment looking down on the dirty busy street below. It was dusk, and a cold drizzling rain had started to fall.

Just off the corner stood a tall thin figure of a man. She had noticed him before during the last few days, always standing in the same place. Once a policeman spoke to him and he had walked away. Something about

him aroused her compassion; he looked so thin and appeared so discouraged. She saw him turn his collar up against the rain, and it seemed to her he shivered a little.

And then, just as Susie came dancing in, she was seized with a sudden impulse—an impulse no efficiency expert would have tolerated for an instant. She turned up the light, found a scrap of note paper, and hurriedly scrawled across it in lead pencil "Courage. Courage always wins." Then she folded the dollar bill inside the note and placed them both in an envelope.

Calling Susie, she pointed across the street to the tall thin man. "Take this envelope over to that man," she said, "and come right back."

As she started toward the kitchen she sighed. "It looks as if the good Lord didn't mean for me to have that dress, after all," she thought. "Thirteen always was my unlucky number but maybe that dollar bill will bring that poor man on the corner better luck than it brought me."

Late the next afternoon there came a prolonged ringing of the doorbell. She opened the door. The tall thin man stood before her.

Before she had time to say a word, he took out a roll of bills—the largest, fattest roll of bills that she had ever seen in all her life—peeled off two twenties and a one, and handed them to her.

"That was a good tip you had yesterday, lady," he said. "Only, you was wrong about one thing. That horse Courage never won a race before in his life. I've been a street-corner bookie for years and I oughta know. That's why the odds was so high." On his way downstairs he called back:

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEL, Boston; WBT, Charlotte. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.



LONG DISTANCE turns COMPLAINTS into ORDERS



"THREE-FOURTHS of our business transactions are completed by Long Distance," writes a Miami, Florida, distributor of fruits and vegetables, "and we believe the service is responsible for our tremendous growth in the last few years.

"Recently, we sold a Dallas customer a carload of tomatoes, but delivery was delayed and most of them had spoiled upon arrival. The customer notified us. We telephoned at once, convinced the buyer the delay was unavoidable, assured him everything would be made right, and sold an *additional* carload of tomatoes. The same day, we had the same experience with a Kansas City customer, to whom we sold *two* extra carloads!

"Our long distance telephone bill may seem large, but the service is worth considerably more than we pay. We could not get along without it."

"The next time you lay a bet, put your name and address on the slip. I had a lotta trouble finding you."

But she was not listening. And she would not have understood him if she had been. Her ears were filled with the rich and satisfying rustle of silk.

THE END

QUESTIONS



1—The subject of this week's photo was born at Springfield, Massachusetts, in '87, and was a musical-comedy favorite for years. Among her vehicles: The Sunshine Girl, The Girl from Utah, Tangerine, and No, No, Nanette. Among her husbands: Tod Sloan and Frank Crumit. Now it's radio. Who?

2—Is Cuba east or west of the West Indies?

3—Who captured Bunker Hill?

4—Who was the first President of all forty-eight states?

5—If an emu is three-toed, how many toes has an ostrich to the foot?

6—Which is the longest canal in the world?

7—Who won the British and American amateur and open golf championships in 1930?

8—Which Canadian city was originally called Pile of Bones?

9—Who said: "Respect the gods, but have as little as possible to do with them"?

10—What is the source of eider down?

11—Does a pound of unpopped popcorn weigh more or less than a pound when popped?

12—In the U. S., who was the first woman cabinet member?

13—There are how many outs to an inning of baseball?

14—If an ancient Greek found the little yellow basket, what word would he be likely to utter?

15—When it's twelve noon in New York, what time is it in Buenos Aires?

16—How many stars are there on a U. S. quarter dollar?

17—The part of *Gone with the Wind* Scarlett O'Hara is to be played by whom?

18—Is a sapota something to wear, to eat, or to play?

19—Does etiquette provide that "the head of the house" be "the head of the table"?

20—Who of the movies is married to Tony Martin?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

THE "NOTHING BALL" NO ONE CAN HIT

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Seattle boy with a high-school wind-up, a pair of corduroy pants, and the nerve of a parachute jumper, is baseball's most mystifying phenomenon.

He is Freddie Hutchinson, a fuzzy-cheeked youth with the pitching magic of a Christy Mathewson in his right arm.

The youngster hung up a pitching record so fantastic last year that major-league scouts were following him up and down the Pacific Coast League as though he were the Pied Piper of Hamelin. His name was on every lip at the winter baseball trading marts.

And when the Detroit Tiger ownership outbid the Yanks, the Pirates, and the Cubs, and said, "Wrap him up—I'll take that one," they had to lay out more in cash and players than any minor-league star has brought in years—and that goes for the talented Joe DiMaggio.

Just last spring this young giant came romping into baseball with a high-school diploma under his arm and grim determination in his heart. He was just one of the 5,000 "lambs" who storm the training camps with the coming of every spring, most of them equipped with little more than yearning hopes and Gargantuan appetites.

But Freddie Hutchinson had what baseball wants.

With the poise of a World Series hero, he stood out there in the middle of the diamond and won twenty-five games of ball. He became, almost overnight, the greatest pitcher in the minor leagues.

But let's get around to Hutch's "nothing ball."

Nine major-league scouts, by actual count, were huddled in the stands a few months ago as Freddie was converting a team of hard-swatting opponents into a whipped and cowed aggregation of banjo hitters.

"He hasn't the burning speed of Feller," said one.

"His curve isn't as good as Tommy Bridges'," commented another.

"Why, he's just throwing a 'nothing ball' up there," added a third.

But Hutch's opponents didn't get a loud foul off his deceptive pitches. And the scouts trooped out of the park wagging their puzzled noggins.

That's where Hutchinson's got 'em baffled. You can't put your finger on his greatness.

What Babe Ruth was to the Big Show, Hutch is to the Far-Western League which spreads along the fertile slopes from San Diego to Seattle. The romance in this amazing young-



Freddie Hutchinson, 19—baseball's highest-priced minor league star.

BY ROYAL BROUGHAM

Out of the West comes a new wonder. Will it be the sport sensation of 1939?

ster who catapulted from the sand lots to national fame in one short season has captured the imagination of the public like no player in Coast League history.

Ice Man Hutchinson—they call him the Ice Man because of his absolute imperturbability under fire—broke all records as a drawing attraction in the minor leagues this year.

And when you compare this cool cooky to the mighty Bambino you may not be so far from the actual truth. Because the Ice Man—and we've been holding this back!—is a devastating slugger in his own right.

Yep, there are nine hitters in the line-up when Hutch is pitching.

The hundred-thousand-dollar kid is the son of a country doctor who practices in a Seattle suburb. The boy has a shock of unruly chestnut hair, hands like two bunches of bananas, long-shoreman shoulders, and a burning ambition to be the greatest ballplayer of his era.

Maybe we should add that this pitching Frank Merriwell has a fiery temper that flares into flame when the ump misses a third strike in a pinch. Not to forget an antipathy for schoolbooks and a capacity for devouring T-bone steaks which terrorizes dining-car stewards and hotel headwaiters.

When the scouts analyze Hutchinson's pitching virtues, it is his amazing calmness under fire which sends them scurrying to the telegraph office to send another wire to the boss.

An example:

Freddie was toiling in a tough pitchers' battle in Portland before a big Sunday crowd.

Now, there are some pretty hefty stickers on this Beaver line-up—Johnny Frederick, Harry Rosenberg, Bill Sweeney, and other journeyman sockers who have been around and about. The heavy gunners were waving threatening war clubs during a crucial inning.

Hutch took his sign from catcher Hal Spindel; the batsman squared away for the pitch, and umpire Ray Snyder crouched for the call.

But Hutch didn't pitch.

He held up his hand for time and walked off the mound. Leisurely he sauntered over to the bench. The crowd, the batter, the catcher, and the umpire—particularly the umpire!—looked on in amazement at the spectacle of a bush pitcher nonchalantly strolling off the hill in the middle of a tight tense ball game.

The boy halted at the drinking fountain and helped himself to a big drink of water!

**SPRING IN THE AIR-
AND SANI-FLUSH
IN YOUR RADIATOR!**



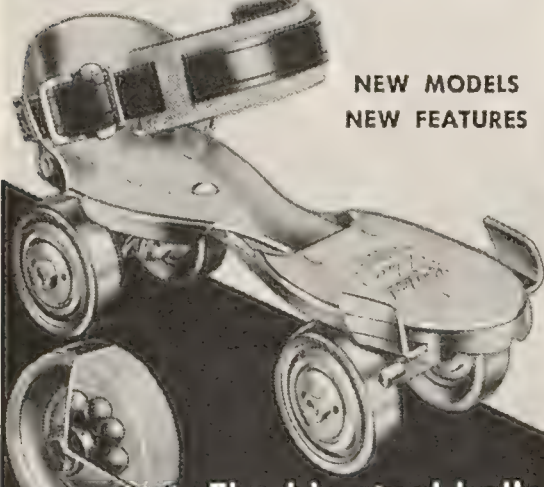
**CLEAN OUT ANTI-FREEZE
WITH SANI-FLUSH**

It's time to remove the anti-freeze from your car! Also a whole winter's accumulation of rust, scale, sludge and sediment! They clog the delicate veins of the radiator. The motor overheats. You waste power. You may find yourself with an expensive repair bill on your hands.

Don't take a chance. Clean out anti-freeze with Sani-Flush for 10c (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). Just pour it in. Run the engine, drain, flush and refill (*directions on the can*). Then your radiator is really clean. And your car runs cool. Do it yourself. Or, if you prefer, have your garage or service station do it for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, O.

Sani-Flush *Safe*
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN NOT CAUSTIC

Rollfast
Styled for beauty...made to last



**NEW MODELS
NEW FEATURES**

**The big steel balls
make them sturdier!**

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY, INC.
ROLLFAST BUILDING • NEW YORK, N. Y.

When Hutch wants to quench his thirst, he wants to quench his thirst, even if he has to hold up an important ball game for three minutes to do it.

But let's get the appraisal of some wily old baseball veterans who have seen them all come and most of them go.

Bill Sweeney, manager of the rival Portland club and former Boston Red Sox slugger: "Hutch? Why, he's the greatest thing that has happened to minor-league baseball since I've been in it."

Dutch Ruether, scout for the Chicago Cubs and a former World Series pitching hero: "Guys like Hutchinson are like the century plant; they only bloom about once in a hundred years."

Frank "Lefty" O'Doul, ex-New York Giant slugger and now manager of the San Francisco Seals: "He was just born to be a great ballplayer."

Hutch is what the trade calls a rocking-chair pitcher. His right arm rises and falls with monotonous precision in a smooth, flowing, effortless motion. But the boy has faultless control, astounding pitching brains, perfect change of pace, and rare quantities of self-assurance, poise, and courage in the pinches which experts marvel to discover in a nineteen-year-old lad in his first year of professional ball.

Hutch is distinctive in that he is probably the only ballplayer in the minor leagues who really wasn't on the market. He is the pride and joy of wealthy Emil G. Sick, who, like Hutch, is making an auspicious debut in baseball. He is president of the Seattle Rainiers. President Sick gets such a thrill out of watching his sensational young right-hander perform that he would just as soon have kept him around the premises.

But, to get needed strength for his team, he had to let Hutch go when Detroit offered four players and a wad of cash.

Seattle is still chattering about the party the fans staged for Hutch. It was his nineteenth birthday, and he was shooting for victory number 19.

The greatest crowd in the city's baseball history—17,000 wildly enthusiastic citizens—packed the Sick Stadium to the top tier. After the blushing Freddie had blown all the candles out on his birthday cake at the home plate, he proceeded to let the hustling San Francisco Seals down with five hits.

He won his nineteenth victory in a breeze—one win for every year of his brief but exciting life.

A typical Hutchinson game was that with San Diego.

A packed park saw the Padres fill the bases in the very first inning on a pass and two very scratchy hits. But what did Hutch do? He inhaled a chestful of good old Puget Sound sea air, struck out Spencer Harris and Al Neimeic, both of them sluggers of the first water, got George McDonald on an infield out, and went on from there to win by a score of one to nothing.

As for Hutch's pitching record, the critics are impressed with those twenty-five victories all right, and the fact that he is the leading pitcher in his league, with only six defeats. But they are more enthusiastic over the earned-run average of his opponents. That is the gauge by which the experts measure pitching greatness.

Well, here is Hutch's mark—2.48 runs per game!

By way of comparison, the great Hubbell, who won more games than any other pitcher in his league in 1937, had an earned-run record of 3.19. The best Lefty Grove could do was 3.02. Red Ruffing's figure was 2.99 and Mungo's 2.91.

Placed beside the performances of these pitching masters, Hutch's record is nothing less than phenomenal.

Jack Lelivelt, the popular manager of the Rainiers, who has a way with budding young players, has daddied the youthful phenomenon; but he hasn't coddled him.

Says Lelivelt:

"I don't tell Hutch how to pitch. Why, he knows more about pitching than I do. I guess he was just born with it. I just sit on the bench and rub my eyes at the cool deliberate actions of this kid when he gets into a jam with men on bases—which isn't very often. His control is one of his success secrets. His change-of-pace ball is the best I have ever seen. Hutch possesses such keen pitching sense that he shakes off his catcher's signs a dozen times in a game, and usually guesses right. There's only one thing about that kid which I don't like—and that is, he isn't twins."

To break the news to you item by item, young Hutchinson is a pitcher only by accident. He was the star catcher and outfielder of his high-school team until that day when his Franklin High coach, Ralph Reed, was having pitching troubles. The regular chuckers were being man-handled something fearful.

"I can do better than that, coach!" Freddie yelled. "Give me that ball."

Hutchinson tossed aside his catching equipment and took the slab. All the other team got was a couple of scratch hits, one base on balls, and singed eyebrows from Freddie's fast ball.

Hutch has pitched one half of a double-header, caught the second half, and then played the outfield the next day and hit three two-baggers and a home run. A tremendous left-hand hitter, his present manager often uses him as a pinch hitter.

Of course it's a long leap from high school to major-league stardom.

But, when Ice Man Hutchinson and his "nothing ball" and larruping bat come blazing across the major-league baseball firmament this summer, don't say we didn't warn you.

It may be as a pitching genius or as a swatter of home runs, but you'll probably be hearing about Freddie Hutchinson from here on.

Verily, he's a second Ruth come to judgment.

THE END

HOLLYWOOD'S BOOKS-AND-BLONDES MAN

THE STORY OF CARY GRANT

BY RUTH WATERBURY



A lively look at the gay private life of a star who does as he pleases

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

SUCCESS does not bring happiness. The love of money is the root of all evil. The price of fame is seldom worth it. That's what the copybooks say.

"Oh, yeah?" says Mr. Cary Grant. He has success and money and fame and he has a wonderful time.

The current mood in Hollywood is snobbish. "B" stars, those personalities of the small-budget pictures, speak only to "A" stars, who get the million-dollar productions; and "A"

stars speak only to Darryl Zanuck and Louis B. Mayer. But Mr. Grant, whose yearly stipend runs well over half a million dollars, speaks to anybody.

If you are a really big gun in Hollywood, your phone number is sacred to a select few, who are asked not even to write it down, for fear of its being seen by alien eyes, but to memorize it. But you—and that "you" means any one—can get Cary Grant's phone number by merely asking the Santa Monica (California) operator for it.

In other words, Mr. Grant does as he pleases, and since he is the most in demand of any free-lance leading man in movies, it is plain that he pleases mightily.

In fact his being a free lance is an example of it. He could be under a forty-weeks-a-year contract to any studio in the entire motion-picture industry. But he prefers to be his own boss, to let his artistic conscience pick and choose, and he chooses so accurately that he breaks down all the arguments that actors don't know good parts when they see them. To prove it, he has a one-picture-a-year contract with Columbia, and another and similar contract with RKO. These guarantee his rent and the cream in his coffee. But after these commitments are fulfilled yearly, he has his fun. He scouts around the flicker industry for the best that is offered. Even there he isn't Hollywood-fussy. When he went into Gunga Din, which he has just made, he said he'd take any one of the three leading roles it had. He doesn't think that makes him anything unique, either. "They were all actor-proof," he explains.

From which, do not get any idea that this six-foot-one gentleman with the very black hair, observing eyes, and spoiled, sensuous mouth is any Pollyanna, going around bubbling with cheer and fragrant with good deeds. Cary is as moody as a March morning and as restless as the ocean. He had a poverty-stricken young-manhood, due largely to his determination to be an actor, and an unhappy marriage, due to any one of a number of things. But those things are in the past. He does not have time to worry over the future, and the present is simply swell.

In fact, if you wanted to get serious about it, you could say that the man has a very workable philosophy of living. Cary would hate you if you said that, though. For that is his one taboo. He refuses to take anything seriously, and applying a tony word like philosopher to him would set him off in a series of cart wheels.

Consider, for example, the case of Archie Leach. Archie Leach is the name Cary was born under on the eighteenth of January some thirty-six years ago in the town of Bristol, England. It was a nice respected name in the neighborhood, too, since his grandfather had been Percival Leach, an English stage star of major proportions, and his own father was an honored clothing manufacturer. But when Hollywood gave him his present cognomen, Cary bought himself a Sealyham terrier whom he promptly entitled Archie Leach.

"Had to have somebody to carry on the name," murmurs our hero, and, pausing to reveal that timing that makes him such a smooth comedian, he adds, "And how he does carry it on!"

Apparently there has never been a time when Cary wasn't doing the opposite of what was expected of him. As a boy, his family entered him into one of those distinguished and abysmally dull English schools called the Fairfield Academy. Cary couldn't stick it. Instead, he ran away and joined the famous Robert Pender troupe of knockabout acrobats and pantomimists. He was fourteen then and his father caught up with him at the end of four weeks and brought him home.

A year later he bolted once more to the same Penders, and this time he was permitted to stay. He remained with them for three years, that is, until the troupe came to New York to play at the old Hippodrome. They were supposed to play only a short engagement, and when it was all over, the other little English boys returned dutifully home. But again, and of course, not Archie. He holed right in on Broadway and began looking for work, and a good long look it was too.

He did everything and anything. For a while he was a stilt walker.

For one summer he was a lifeguard, and considering that long and luring look of him, can you imagine the amount of waterlogged women there must have been on that Coney Island beach that year? For a few desperate weeks he painted neckties, in association with Orry Kelly—who is now in Hollywood too, as chief fashion designer for Warner Brothers—and actually sold them. But finally he did get a role in a musical comedy, *Golden Dawn*, and that led to one musical comedy after another and, after about six years, to his discovery by the Hollywood talent scouts.

His talent being so plainly marked for musicals, he has never appeared in a single one on the screen. It was Paramount Pictures in Hollywood that signed him originally.

Where out of this background he got his love for books and his yen for blondes is hard to discover, but both fondnesses dominate his life today. All his young ladies, and they have been legion, have been blondes, with the exception of Mary Brian. Mary is always a special case, however. For any young man about Hollywood to have an attack of brunette Mary Brian is like getting malaria in the tropics: It is not known where or why the illness attacks, but men rarely escape.

Mr. Grant's present heart holder, Miss Phyllis Brooks, a minor leading lady at Twentieth Century-Fox; Ginger Rogers, runner-up to Miss Brooks; and Virginia Cherrill, the only girl he ever married, are all of the cool young vivacious blonde persuasion.

CARY conducted his marriage, and the courtship leading up to it, typically. When he met the orchidaceous Virginia, she was supposed to be engaged to Charlie Chaplin. Cary walked right in, however, and the course of their true love from then on was as loaded with climaxes as a ride on a roller coaster. They were engaged and parted a score of times, and when finally they did go to London to get married, Cary turned up at the church only to discover Virginia had forgotten all about the date and had to telephone her to remind her.

They stayed married one whole riotous year, that is, the season of 1934 to '35. But apparently Virginia wasn't too broken up over it all, for she married the ninth Earl of Jersey two years later. After the divorce, Cary went back to living with Randolph Scott, with whom he had resided during his bachelorhood.

Recently the men played the same scene over in reverse, Randy having moved away when he married Marion Scott du Pont Somerville, a Southern heiress, and returning to his and Cary's bachelor ménage when his marriage failed.

Strangely enough, though the two men share a house together, they seldom appear with one another in public, and they settle their feminine problem without friction, since Mr. Scott goes entirely for brunettes of the sultry variety.

Whether Miss Cherrill put a notch on the Grant heart is hard to discover, but certainly Cary has not been that serious about any damsel since. He calls the blonde Phyllis "The Brooks" when speaking of her, but ask him about the future as refers to her, and he shuts up more tightly than a bank vault.

His love of books seems to be a more lasting affection, for—for all his gaiety, his night-club-going, his dancing, and his laughter—the Grant house is buried deep beneath novels, biographies, magazines, and musty yarns in a manner only common to the home of an omnivorous reader. In fact his devotion to reading led him into getting the possession he adores most, his bed.

Characteristically, even that most sedate of human possessions is in the Grant case most personal and original. It is, in fact, a bed that would have made Henry VIII quiver with envy. For it is a very king of beds, built to Mr. Grant's special order, a mere eight feet long by six wide, with a headboard that has built into it everything a fastidious country gentleman could desire, with the possible exception of a lawn mower. It has its own bookshelves, lights, radio, clock, mirror, telephone stand, and writing desk, and it wouldn't surprise me in the least, so overwhelmingly magnificent is it, if it gave out hot coffee in the mornings.

Here Mr. Grant retires early on those evenings when he is working, in solitary but literary splendor, and probably the reason he picks his roles so skillfully may be traced back to his habit of reading every play that is published the moment it comes out. He says he intends to retire at the age of sixty, crawl into that bed, and read for the rest of his natural life. Perhaps that beautifully simple ambition is one of the secrets of his present contentment with his life as he lives it.

For he has, apparently, not a single morbid yearning, not one canker of the soul. Other stars moan about their taxes. Cary shrugs, laughs, and says, "Sure, the government gets eighty-one cents out of every dollar I earn. But I'm one of the lucky stiffes who earn a lot of dollars, all with a Grant-marked nineteen cents in them. That's nice going." Equally, he refuses to be sentimental over the ex-stars he sees about Hollywood, now fallen on meager days.

"That's silly," he murmurs in that clipped, still British voice of his. "People say, 'Oh, poor So-and-So, having to work as an extra! How sad!' What they don't say, perhaps don't remember, is that So-and-So was up there in the chips for a while. He had all that fun and more than the average guy ever gets, and certainly if he's a man at all he's got good memories stored up in him, got good laughs he can laugh over once again. Besides, if he's still out here in this goofy, gorgeous town, in this nutty business, that's a privilege in itself."

For while it is a popular attitude, indulged in by some of Hollywood's leading citizens, to disparage the town and the movies, Cary, with his magnificently consistent inconsistency, adores the place. It combines at once, he declares, the two things about living he loves most—informality and sophistication.

In London, Paris, New York, to be with worldly people, he points out, you have to live formally, dress with slavish attention to fashion, entertain according to a stiff, regulated pattern. But the people of Hollywood are all creative, all vividly alive, and never dressed up. That, he thinks, is a very fine combination indeed.

STILL, he refuses to pay any attention to Hollywood's so-called artistic judgment. Luise Rainer, for instance, has won the Academy Award for the best feminine performance two years in succession now; but Cary, appraising her posturings and posings, announces that it is just "the wilted-rose school of acting" to him. Likewise he spurns the mood of several of the movies' professionally serious thinkers who proclaim that the camera is all very well in its way, but to be able to do real acting one must return to the stage. "The stage is the place where you can get away with a really phony performance" is his argument.

As for himself, he declares that the only thing he wants to do in pictures is "to last." No fierce ambition, you see, no yearning, no agonizing drive. "I study Wally Beery," he says, "and now I'm studying Gary Cooper. They've got the lasting quality, whatever it is, though they are entirely different in type. So perhaps there's hope for Grant."

He grins as he says that, however, because he isn't in the least worried about himself or his future, and the reason he isn't worried is because he can't take either seriously.

Privately I have long held a theory that people who are always as dominantly gay as Cary Grant, who refuse even a whiff of solemnity, are those people who at some interval in their lives have had a bad time of it. This may be true of Cary, since the moment you touch on more heavy things, the moment you query him about his faith or his love or his ambitions, he turns the subject aside with a deft insinuation that another cocktail would help and that the weather of southern California is really tremendous. It may be true, but no one—no one, that is, in the cinema village—will ever know from him.

For the way Grant took Hollywood was by means of laughter. And that, for a good many years into the future, is the way he intends taking it. And if you don't like him that way, he knows what you can do. You can go see Clark Gable.

THE END

LAST YEAR'S NEST

BY MARTHA OSTENSO



An entrancing modern romance . . . Champagne cocktails, a frying pan, and a detour for love!

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IT was pleasant to her even now, after almost a year of familiarity with hats, shoes, furs, and ensembles by the foremost creators of fashion, to have envious and admiring eyes following her wherever she went.

Especially was it so in Fairchild's Department Store, where once she had had to buy the cheapest of everything. But it would have been even more so had it not been for the lurking unhappiness over her separation from Ned, which months of determined and excited rushing about with the smartest people had failed to abolish entirely. Such little things could take her off guard—like that silly striped shaving brush she had seen just now in the drug section of Fairchild's. Ned had had one just like that, and it used to have the habit of rolling under the bathtub in that little yellow cottage on the lake shore.

Claire's walk through the store had been almost as swift as her thoughts. She turned a corner in men's wear and all but collided with a rangy figure that straightened up suddenly from a slouching position across the hosiery counter.

"Well!" Ned Humboldt's eyes bore down in blank surprise upon the sudden and dark amazement of Claire's. His ears reddened, but he said calmly, as he used to do, "How are you, Bumblebee?"

She flushed at the name. Was it a slip, or did it simply

His ears reddened, but he said calmly, "How are you, Bumblebee?" She flushed.

not matter to him? He used to call her that, because of her golden hair and brown eyes. Not that bumblebees had golden hair and brown eyes, but the general color scheme . . .

"I'm splendid, thanks. And you?"

The clerk was rolling up three pairs of the plain gray wool socks Ned always wore, summer or winter. His feet couldn't stand silk or cotton. Those wool socks had to be washed in lukewarm water and mild soap to avoid shrinking. How many pairs of those, in the three years of their marriage, hadn't she washed and darned and—loved!

"I'm just fine and dandy," said Ned. "Let's see—it must be eight months, isn't it, since we met last?"

Since we met last! What he meant was since the rainy night in October when, after their last bitter quarrel, she had walked out of the little yellow cottage to her own roadster.

Claire nodded, brightly laughed. "Time does fly, doesn't it? Especially when one is so terribly busy. Marian told me you spent the winter in Mexico. Getting local color, I suppose?"

"Yes," he replied cheerfully. "You can get a lot of it there on a dollar a day. You've been traveling, I suppose?"

"A bit." Claire tilted her head, smiled reminiscently. "Cannes and—a few of the regular places."

Oh, *why*, she asked herself with an inward flutter, why had she said that? Not yet, with all of Uncle Frank's money, had she been able to harden herself sufficiently to go off these American shores without Ned. Not after

the way they had planned and planned to see all the world together some day when his stories had really begun to pay! Still—he had—

"How is your writing going?" Claire asked, brightly interested. The clerk was returning with the package of socks.

"Fine! I've sold nine hundred dollars' worth since Christmas. Most of it was Mexican stuff."

She flushed under his intent blue gaze. "Oh, that's nice! And the little—the house? Marian said you hadn't been living there lately. I suppose you sold it for a good price?"

Ned glanced about, picked up his package. "No; I'm renting it furnished. More profitable than selling. There's a good demand for cottages and cabins up on the lakes now. Especially around Arrow Lake. Your friends the Jessops seem to have given the locality a great prestige, with their eight millions—or is it eighteen?"

Claire laughed. "I told you they would—last year. As a matter of fact, I'm going up there today for the weekend."

"With Gillis Durwood, I suppose?"

Because there had been no taunt, not the least comforting hint of jealousy, in Ned's tone, Claire made her eyes dance mischievously.

"Yes—with Gillis," she said. "He's up there now, but he's driving down to get me. Well—I must run. So nice to have seen you, Ned." And then her words tumbled out headlong: "I'll see Mr. Grayson at once—next week. You'll—ah—hear from him. I couldn't do anything about it while you were away, of course. But—we can be friends, can't we, Ned? I mean—well, civilized."

"Oh, yes, quite!" Ned responded heartily. The clerk was handing him his change when Claire fled.

In an oval mirror on the counter opposite she caught a glimpse of Ned's face, his eyes following her. Her heart felt crunched up, like one of those pieces of manuscript paper he used to throw into a corner. But how ridiculous of her, to read into that brief glimpse of his eyes any desperate longing, any regret!

Yet, somehow, as she left the store, it was not as pleasant as it had been to know that envious and admiring glances pursued the pearl-gray chic of her costume, the rose-petal linen hat, the rose-petal shoes. . . . What she was thinking of was the black-and-yellow smock Ned had bought her that day she had picked out the black-and-yellow linoleum for the kitchen floor of the little yellow house a mile down the shore from the Jessops' twenty-thousand-dollar "cottage."

IN the hall of the handsome furnished apartment she had taken last winter, her colored maid Susie met her with a tremulous whisper:

"Your aunt, Mis' Angela Demarest, is here, readin' the funny paper."

Mrs. Angela Demarest. Aunt Angela, who had brought Claire up after the death of her parents in a motor accident. Aunt Angela, who had with Claire shared the estate of eccentric old Uncle Frank a year ago. There was no one, at this moment, whom Claire desired to see less than Aunt Angela.

"Auntie darling! How sweet to find you here! Has Susie given you iced tea or anything?"

"Tea—rats! She made me what she calls a mint julep." Aunt Angela glared at Claire out of bright, embattled eyes. "What are you all flushed up about? You look as if you've been running."

"Do I?" Claire sat down and lit a cigarette with a resolutely humorous shrug. "Well—perhaps it's because I—I'm mad. I just met Ned."

Aunt Angela started upright. "You did?"

"In Fairchild's."

"And how's Ned?"

"Just as—as stubborn and sarcastic as ever. I told him in a perfectly nice way that I would have Mr. Grayson write him next week to start—proceedings."

Aunt Angela snorted. "He ought to be relieved! It's all right for you to talk about his sarcasm and stubbornness. But Ned had gumption. And remember, it was *you* who left *him*—after driving the boy half crazy with your giddy whirl. If I'd known Frank's money would go

to your silly head the way it did, I'd have talked him out of letting you put a finger on it."

"Giddy whirl!" Claire cried. "You always did take his side in everything! I just wanted to have a good time—for both of us to have a good time. I don't see anything wrong with that. But you—you refused to see how stubborn and perverse he was about—about the money. When I wanted him to take that trip to Europe with me—"

"Trip to Europe!" Aunt Angela sniffed testily. "I was there when you had your quarrel about that. Ned was patience itself until you drove him into a frenzy. Going to Europe with that Dorothy Fanshaw, because her husband—her *third* husband—happens to have a chateau on the Riviera! *Phht!* Of all the empty-headed silly no-account twirps I ever met, Dorothy Fanshaw takes the cake."

"If Ned had—"

"Listen!" Angela interrupted. "It wasn't your fifty thousand dollars Ned objected to. He hasn't got that kind of a mean bone in his body. And I don't know what's come over you. You come of plain healthy stock, and I used to think you'd grow up and amount to something. But the Jessops—and that Durwood dude—and their—"

"They're my friends!" Claire burst out. "They've been loyal and kind and understanding through all this."

Angela fixed narrowed eyes upon her. "Are you still trying to convince yourself that you've made a good bargain? Aren't you fed up yet with all this nonsense? It might do you good to get your hands in a dishpan again—and scrub some of that silly paint off your nails! Well"—Angela sighed—"I must be getting back home. Come over and have lunch with me Monday or Tuesday, if you're not too mad."

"Maybe you'll come with me to talk to Mr. Grayson," Claire suggested.

"We'll see about it," Aunt Angela said, and was gone.

THE telephone rang. Cheeks hot, eyes stormy, Claire picked up the receiver.

"Claire?" Gillis Durwood's voice, so familiar now, caressing her name.

"Yes, Gillis! You sound so far away. Where are—"

"That's the worst of it, darling. I'm still up here at Selina's. She threw a barbecue last night, and I woke up with the most ghastly head. It was so insufferably dull here without you that I tried drowning my sorrows. But, alas, this morning—they floated!"

Claire laughed indulgently. "Poor darling! How do you feel now?"

"Better—after hearing your voice. But look, sweet. I can't—how about you driving up here by your lonesome, just for once? I'd have been down there for you before this, but—you'll forgive me, won't you? I know I'm a heel—no, I'm all head—"

Claire laughed again. "Don't try to be witty, darling. And of course I can get up there all right. I can leave in half an hour and be up before dark."

"I'm sorry, sweet. Honest. But—you understand, don't you?"

"Of course, Gillis."

"Clair de Lune, Clair de Lune!" he murmured.

She hung up. How Ned would have jeered at that romantic "Clair de Lune"!

Gillis had always been so sweet, so full of understanding. He would be glad when she told him that she had at last made up her mind—that she knew for sure now—that she was going to see Grayson next week. Gillis had been very patient through it all.

But it was a three-hour drive from the city to Selina Jessop's summer place on Arrow Lake, straight north. And in three hours your thoughts can turn distressing somersaults. Ned today, brown as a nut, but thin—thinner even than he had been when they first met, and his eyes blue and haggard in that accidental mirror in Fairchild's.

She drove faster and faster. The keen pine scent, the glimpses of small hidden blue lakes in this northern woodland she had always loved—she and Ned had loved—Oh, why had she met him in the store back there?

She jammed her brakes down suddenly. Just before

her on the roadway stood a brightly painted warning — BRIDGE UNDER REPAIR. TAKE DETOUR LEFT.

Claire looked blankly at the little creek that had been swollen to a rushing torrent by the recent rains. *Take detour left!* The little erratic road that led to the little yellow house, and back of it to return like a prodigal son to the broad highway!

Well, she would rather swim the creek, if she had to, and leave her car beside the road. She would not look on that little house again, where other people were living now—happy people! For suddenly, from somewhere, it had come to her that she was not happy at all. She had not been happy for a long time and probably never would be again. In her abrupt desolation she clung to the thought of Gillis Durwood. He at least was kind, and she knew that he loved her.

The only thing to do now was to go on to the Jessop place by way of the detour. She need not actually look at Ned's house. But half a mile later—it was not distance, which she knew so well, but time—she drew her car to the side of the road and stopped.

Her first feeling was one of incredulous bewilderment. The back garden, towering with ragweed, the abandoned, drawn-blind loneliness of the little house itself, had the look of a last year's nest!

SHE left the car and ventured in between the masterful weeds. A knock on the back door roused only silence within. The screen door was hooked on the inside, but a nail file could do wonders to a screen, and the wooden door was not locked. Claire stood in the kitchen. A musty smell of mice, cobwebs, and long absence overwhelmed her. She sat weakly down on a chair, not thinking of her white angora suit. Why, Ned hadn't even bothered about it at all! Not as much as a "To Let" sign anywhere!

Fate must have put up that detour sign back there on the highway. The house wanted her back again; if only to have itself made habitable for some one else who would love it!

She ran the shades up, opened doors and windows wide, found remains of laundry soap, cleanser, and furniture polish just as she had left them eight months ago. She tied a rag of dish towel about her waist, drew water from the pump over the sink, and fell to work.

Two hours later brilliant sunset streamed through a shining house. Claire could have laughed out loud if her heart hadn't started breaking again now that the excitement of working in the little yellow house was almost over. Almost over. There was Ned's workroom just off the front porch—and she hadn't even ventured into that.

Her heart misgave her as she stood on the threshold of the tiny room. Ned used to toil there hours into the night, in the hope that some day his work might bring in enough so that they could dare to do things—see the world, and even— Claire caught her



No sailor, approaching a harbor ever saw so many lights supposedly to guide him.



Let this guide you . .

There are dozens of dry shavers on the market at prices from 75 cents to \$50. The man who shaves, the merchant who sells, must be bewildered by the countless claims. No sailor, approaching a harbor, ever saw so many lights supposedly to guide him.

What is the truth about dry shaving? Can a man shave satisfactorily for more than a few days with a dollar shaver? Must a man pay at least \$12.50 for a good *and economical shaver*?

The Schick position is dominant and clear in the dry shaving industry. Time proves its correctness—every day confirms it.

Schick invented the dry shaver and thereby created the industry. Schick obtained patents, since validated by every judge and every Court that has considered them. Some infringers have been stopped. Others have their cases in Court.

Schick conceived the idea of quick, close shaves *with no injury to the skin.* (It is easy to make a shaver that takes off a tiny layer of skin with the hairs.) Schick

dreamed of, **thought out and perfected the present Schick cutter** and there is no other that gives the same speed and closeness of shave without injuring or "burning" the skin.

The Schick price dropped from \$25 to \$15 and then to \$12.50. With our present knowledge, that is a fair economical price to pay for a standard Schick shaver. The precision that \$12.50 buys is translated into thousands of shaves which is proved by many letters in our files.

Let this word "Schick" be your guide in buying a dry shaver and you *know* you are right.

**New Improved
STANDARD
SCHICK
SHAVER . . \$12⁵⁰**

(With new power unit. A.C.-D.C.)

**New "Colonel"
SCHICK
SHAVER . . \$15⁰⁰**

(High-speed, double power motor.
A.C.-D.C.)

De Luxe and gift sets in Standard
and "Colonel" models up to \$22.50

SCHICK SHAVER

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN.

Western Office: 809 Mission St., San Francisco

In Canada: [at slightly higher prices] distributed by Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

breath. It had been Ned who suggested that they might have a baby when they were able to afford it. She hadn't said anything about that, however, when she had got Uncle Frank's money! She had been too excited then, too busy planning all the vivid ways of spending it.

Ned's old desk was there, but not his typewriter, of course. And the bookshelves were empty, with the thick writing of dust upon them that could never be read. The cedar chest was there, too, across the opposite corner from his desk. When he used to crumple up a sheet of paper, he would always aim for that corner, making of it a wastebasket for her to clear the next day.

Claire felt her tears spilling over now. Angrily she turned back from broom and dustcloth. Ridiculous to leave one room looking as if it were haunted, when the rest of the house was so glistening and fresh!

She came at last to the cedar chest. Not a scrap of paper behind it. Oh, yes—a torn bit caught under one leg of the chest. She picked it up, shook a withered moth wing out of its dust, opened it, and found that the upper right-hand corner bore the number 11. Would she ever forget that that was the number of the page in his typewriter on the night when their last and fatal quarrel had begun? She had glanced down and seen it. And these two lines: "Sterling had decided upon immediate action. An honorable delay would mean the saving of Cole's life, perhaps, but a loss of—"

Claire paused, felt her heart pause. There was a wide space between those lines and the next one, in letters unevenly struck: "She's gone. Claire—Claire! Gone." And then, crazily, a hodgepodge of symbols slapped down at random from the keys.

She stood for minutes, smoothing out the wrinkled sheet, while her tears, falling straight down, made crooked paths across it. Then she laid the sheet of paper on the desk and looked about her with lost eyes. From the windows she could see how, among the weeds, the petunias had reseeded themselves, the lobelias and the forget-me-nots. The lake was a glittering blue-and-gold banner under the sky, beyond the trees.

She thought suddenly of the little seedling pines, one on either side of the flagstone walk in front of the house. She must know whether they were still there, where she and Ned had planted them that first spring of their marriage.

They were there, sturdy and green and amazingly grown. Claire knelt and touched each of them with her finger tips. She and Ned had meant them for a symbol. . . . No, no, she must not start thinking that way again! All that was over now. But why, *why* had Ned not rented or sold the place to some one who would care for it and love it as they had done? As *they* had done? It was she who had been the first deserter.

She started to walk back to her car on the road that ran behind the house. It was then that she saw, at the narrow entrance and almost hidden by weeds and bushes, the weather-beaten "For Rent" sign, leaning backward as though it were squinting at the sky. He *had* tried to rent it, then! But Claire stood still. Could it be that nobody *wanted* the little yellow house beside the lake? No, that simply could not be!

In her car once again, she sat forward over the wheel, her head sunk upon her arms. The ache in her throat was unbearable. The little house—alone, deserted, uncherished! That was the truth, then—it was unwanted. And Ned had been too proud to tell her.

THE Jessops' seductively lighted terrace, the cowed bar occupying one end of the broad porch, the spacious and charming rooms, were very gay. Voices, laughter, shrill, blunt, meaningless, thrust in and out of the fevered music of the small orchestra that had come up from the city for the week-end. Claire, in her trailing white chiffon gown, with the tall mess-jacketed figure of Gillis Durwood at her side, walked away from the bar.

Mrs. Aldous Kite and Millicent Carlow, champagne cocktails in hand, greeted her hilariously.

"Claire!" Millicent cried. "We thought something had happened to you. Gill has been in a terrible state!"

"I was delayed," Claire explained. "There was some work I had to—"

"Work!" Mrs. Aldous Kite exclaimed. "Oh, my dear! Millicent and I have just been comparing notes. We've both been having a simply terrible time this summer! Can't you give us a recipe for making servants stay put? Believe it or not, I had to fry eggs last night. The cook up and left us an hour before dinner. George was furious!"

"It's just getting impossible," Millicent wailed. "The week before we came North, the butler and the chambermaid had a falling out over something and they both walked out and left me with a houseful of guests on my hands. I had to turn in and make every bed in the house. *Me!* Oh, domestics don't know the meaning of the word gratitude!"

Claire laughed in facile sympathy. But she was thinking of the little yellow house—and how it would smile at the thought of the servant problem.

GILLIS DURWOOD competently steered her out beyond the terrace and into the dusk of the trees, but Claire felt as though she were walking in a dream.

They sat down together upon a rustic bench cunningly wrought of imported marble.

"Claire," Gillis said, leaning forward to take her chilled hands into his, "you look unearthly with this moon glow on your hair."

"That's because you don't know me, Gillis," she laughed. "I'm really of the earth, earthy—far more than—"

"Don't spoil this moment for me," Gillis begged. "You—you aren't happy, are you, Claire? I've seen it before. What's the matter, sweet?"

"Nothing, Gillis. It's just a mood."

He was silent for a moment. "Listen, sweet," he said finally. "I know what's wrong. You'll never be happy until you get your freedom. You can't go on like this. Look at me, Claire. I've been patient, haven't I?"

"Yes, but—"

"I can wait for you. It isn't that, dear. But we're letting the weeks go by without each other. Right now we could be cruising through the South Seas—looking at this very moon over Tahiti and Penang—"

"Please, Gillis—"

"I know. There's no sense in my telling you about places I know by heart. I want to *show* them to you, sweet. We can take a year off to ourselves—"

"It's all too wonderful, Gillis, and you've been so good—and so understanding."

"And I still have my eye on that château for the winter season. You'll be like a princess—"

"Gillis—please let me speak." She stood up, and he got to his feet beside her, tall, handsome, but vaguely disturbed. "I like you tremendously, Gillis," she went on. "You—you've been a good friend. But in the last few minutes I've been having the most appalling thoughts." Half sobbing, half laughing, she pressed one hand to her cheek and pointed across the moonlit bay with the other. "Over there, Gillis, there ought to be a light in the window of a little yellow house! It's ridiculous, I know, but you could buy the whole place with less than it cost you for the brass trimmings on your yacht."

"I know, sweet. But that's all over, isn't it? Are—"

"Wait—wait a minute, Gillis. I don't suppose I could ever fry an egg or make a bed in your château, could I?"

He stood back from her. "Fry an egg?" He laughed incredulously. "Darling, what *are* you raving about?"

She put a hand on his arm. "My dear, I'm not a princess. I'm not even like one. Maybe I don't want a château. I don't know what I want. I've got to get away and think a little. I've got to go away—tonight, Gillis. I can't stand it here. Next week, perhaps—"

A puzzled impatient laugh broke from him as he put an arm about her. "Claire darling, let's be serious! I—"

"But I *am* serious, Gillis. Please—let me go now. I don't want to make a mistake a second time. You must give me time to think."

He released her and followed her back to the house.

Selina Jessop had been loud in dismay when Claire told her that she had telephoned Aunt Angela, and that Aunt Angela was quite ill and wanted her to come back to the city at once. But Selina's response would have

been the same if Claire had calmly told her that she had just lost all her hair.

It was not until she brought her car to a stop among the dense trees at the narrow entrance to the little yellow house that her mind was clear upon what she must do. Then swiftly she stepped over and, grasping the "For Rent" sign, she pulled it up, stake and all. A second later, looking through the tall shrubbery toward the house, she saw first the dark hulk of an automobile, and then beyond it a dim light.

When she stood on the small back porch, her heart throbbing wildly, she was scarcely aware that she still held the painted sign in her hands. The door opened, and, grotesquely illumined and shadowed by the lamp he carried, Ned Humboldt stood looking down at her.

"Claire! It is you!" He laughed. "What—what's that you've got there?"

She looked vacantly down at the sign. "I—well, I—" "Come on in. I forgot to buy kerosene—there's almost none left in this lamp."

IN the living room, while she seated herself on a low divan, Ned paused and ran a finger along the glossy surface of the drop-leaf maple table.

"You were here this afternoon, weren't you?" he asked at last, sitting down across from her.

"I was going to arrange some flowers"—she laughed deprecatingly—"but I knew they'd just die, so—"

"Sure. I haven't been up here since early in the spring. After our talk this afternoon—I came up to see what could be done about leasing this place." He extended a flattened package of cigarettes toward her.

Involuntarily she had reached into her pocket for her neat gold-and-enamel case. She flushed, drew her hand hastily away, and accepted a cigarette from Ned. "Thanks."

He went on conversationally: "I *did* have a nibble—early this spring. A young honeymoon couple were interested, until they heard what had happened here—and then they were superstitious. And nobody else has

been interested since. The bad road, I suppose, and—"

"But," Claire burst out, "why did you tell me it was rented? Letting me think it was being cared for—"

She caught her lip beneath her teeth. Ned was leaning forward, studying her intently.

"Did it really matter to you?" he asked, his voice almost harsh with feeling.

"Matter! Oh, Ned!" She got up suddenly and walked across the room, away from him.

"I told you that," he said quietly, "so that you would think everything was all right—with me. I've been a fool, Claire. I should have handled things—differently."

"I came tonight to take the sign away," said Claire. "I—I sort of thought I might rent this place myself. Did you come up just to—to try to dispose of it?"

His laugh was curt. "You told me you were going to the Jessops', didn't you? I thought there might just be a chance of running into you, somehow. I hadn't expected quite as much as this, Claire."

"Neither had I," she said faintly. "I—I haven't traveled, Ned. And the Jessops aren't my kind."

He was striding toward her, and with a muffled cry she buried her face in her hands.

"I've been such an idiot, Ned!" she whispered as he put his arms hard about her. "But so have you! Why didn't you *force* me to come back before—"

"I heard too much about the gay time you were having. And you looked so smart and impudent in the store today that I—well, I was dumb. But later it came to me there had been something in your eyes, Claire. Something that would make it worth while to come up here—"

She lifted her shaken mouth, and he kissed her as it seemed he had never done before.

"Ned," she faltered after a moment, her eyes on his, "let's start by getting in electricity. I can—"

"You can? Nothing doing, Bumblebee! It's got to be fifty-fifty or not at all."

"But the lamp—it's going out!"

"There's still the moon, sweetheart. That's free!"

THE END

**THIS IS FOR
ALWAYS,
DARLING!**

**NAN HOPES SO, TOO! THAT'S WHY SHE GUARDS
AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!**

I'VE SEEN TOO MANY WIVES LOSE ROMANCE BY LETTING THEIR SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING. I WANT TO KEEP MY COMPLEXION SMOOTH AND ALLURING! THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!

BUT WHY IS
PALMOLIVE SO
DIFFERENT?

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG. THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!

WELL, IF YOU OWE YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION TO PALMOLIVE, THAT'S RECOMMENDATION ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M GOING TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF AND MAKE PALMOLIVE MY BEAUTY SOAP, TOO!

IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS
SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

HIGH STAKES

The story of an international battle that might have occurred (but didn't)

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

ALL this agitation anent the impossibility of stopping war was nonsensical. Limiting the booty removed the greatest incentive. Appeasing a nation's besmirched honor was all very soothing to certain potentates and dictators, but not so satisfying to the common people.

A few decades ago the League of Nations appeared to be a wonderful thing, and it might have accomplished its purpose if all the powerful nations had joined in.

So, by a stroke of genius, the National Joint Commission decided that when their arbitration jury could not agree upon a decision, the matter would be left to fate.

Skill, psychology, and chance should enter into the verdict—so contract bridge was selected as the court of last resort.

The United States of America and Japan had submitted eight controversial points to the joint commission. Seven points had been decided, but on the eighth the jury was deadlocked. One man was on the fence and refused to vote either way.

Two teams of four men each, representing the United States and Japan, were to play a match of four deals in duplicate bridge. At table number one, two of the American team played north-south, with Japan playing east-west. At table two the positions were reversed, with two Americans playing east-west, thus equalizing the opportunities on each deal.

Playing at table one, for the United States, were Winfield Langdon and Charles Locke. Langdon was a seasoned veteran who could read the cards like an open book. Locke was a brilliant young player who usually arrived at the correct declaration and rarely failed to make it.

For Japan, General Kamamoto was not merely a fine player but an expert mathematician. He had drilled his team to take advantage of every percentage play. Prince Yukio Zumagae, a sound and clever player, was a handsome young man who was a favorite with every one.

The first four deals had been played.

A lot of flat hands, Langdon thought; probably not a swing of a hundred points. The match would doubtless be decided on the play of the four deals started by the other half of the teams.

The boards were passed. The replay on the first of these hands appeared to be wholly a matter of fate.

Locke obtained the contract at four hearts, which was the logical declaration. Nine tricks were in sight, but the tenth depended on a finesse in spades. Holding ace, jack, nine in hand, with king, ten, eight in the dummy, the game could only be won by catching the adverse queen. Although Locke led out his last two trumps to obtain discards, Japan craftily refused to let go a spade until each hand was down to three cards. At that point a spade discard had been forced, and Locke then led the jack. However, when second hand played low without a quiver, he went up with the king and returned the ten. Again a low card was played, and the now forced finesse lost to the queen.

"I'm a poor guesser," said Locke.



"By discarding the nine of diamonds, you believe

Langdon was engrossed in watching the general. There was a glint in his eye that seemed to say Japan had been more fortunate on their play of the deal. Now he was sure of it.

While there appeared to be no guide as to the location of the queen, the mathematical percentage favored the hand holding most cards of the suit. A hand holding four cards of a suit, as against a hand holding three cards, had four chances to three of holding any specific card.

Locke had finessed against the three-card holder and this time the percentage play would have won.

If Japan had adhered to Kamamoto's theory on the original play of the hand, they had registered a gain of 720 points on this deal.

The next two boards permitted but slight opportunity for a swing, so unless the last deal was out of the ordinary, Japan would assuredly win.

This was the final deal:

				N.			
				♠ K 3 2			
				♥ K 4 2			
				♦ 5 3			
				♣ A Q 10 8 4			
				S.			
				♠ A 8 5 4			
				♥ A 10 8 5			
				♦ A K Q J 8			
				♣ NONE			

Langdon sat in the south position, and his final bid of six no trumps was rather optimistic. The bidding tended to show that without a fit in either clubs or diamonds, a slam contract would be defeated. But here Langdon's psychology was a guiding factor. Unless his hypothesis of the previous play was at fault, nothing could save the match other than intrepid measures.

The queen of spades was opened and was won with the ace.

Then the ace of diamonds, the king of hearts, and the

By the famous
bridge maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ

ILLUSTRATED BY
PHIL BERRY



He had won two tricks on a single hand by an end play and a squeeze! Skill, the last of the trilogy, had saved the day—and the country.

"I fear me," said General Kamamoto, "that your most excellent play has defeated us. I am certain our team did not bid for the slam, and I question if they would succeed in taking twelve tricks on the hand."

The umpire had collected the score sheets and announced: "The United States wins by 130 points."

Prince Zumagae arose as he inquired of the general:

"Could I not have saved the match on the last hand?"

The general hesitated a moment, then asked Locke:

"I believe you have another name for the nine of diamonds?"

"Yes," said Locke. "We call it the Curse of Scotland."

"Well," said the general, "we will now also name it the Curse of Japan."

The prince asked: "If I had discarded the nine of diamonds under the jack, I would have saved a trick?"

"Exactly," said the general.

Prince Zumagae turned to Langdon as he remarked:

"You are a marvelous player and I congratulate you. I regret I cannot attend your dinner party tomorrow."

There was no mistaking the prince's demeanor. A member of the kwazoku, aristocracy of Japan, he assumed the onus for his country's defeat. The samurai had but one way to wipe out dishonor—hara-kiri.

Langdon was shocked. He liked the prince personally, and even a single fatality must not mar this war.

"My dear Prince Zumagae," said Langdon, "I beg of you not to hold yourself alone responsible for the loss."

"Thank you," said the prince. "But I alone must take the blame. A million of my countrymen would gladly lay down their lives for Japan. Can I do less?"

Langdon removed the cards from the fatal board and replaced them in position, face up.

"By discarding the nine of diamonds, you believe I would have been defeated?" asked Langdon.

"Assuredly," said the prince.

"You are in error," said Langdon, carefully studying the dummy hand. "It is true that on the seventh trick you might have discarded the nine of diamonds instead of the seven. In that case, my eight would have been the high diamond, and good for the eighth trick. On this trick, however, I would have discarded the three of spades from dummy, and retained the eight of clubs. Now I would have entered dummy with the spade king and led the *low* club. You would have been forced to take it for your only trick and then lead into the tenace position, as you did in our actual play."

Both Kamamoto and the prince followed the explanation intently.

Prince Yukio Zumagae smiled as he held out his hand.

"May I hope that the Honorable Mr. Langdon will again ask me to his dinner?"

Thus ended the first war in history with casualties nil.

THE END

would have been defeated?" asked Langdon. "Assuredly," said the prince.

ace of clubs accounted for the next three tricks. To Langdon, the fall of the cards was a revelation.

East had played the nine of spades to the first trick, and was void of hearts. West had led the spade queen, although he held six hearts to the queen, jack, nine; so West was marked with the queen, jack, ten of spades, and East had no more. West had followed to both the diamond and club leads, which permitted Langdon actually to locate every one of the remaining eighteen cards.

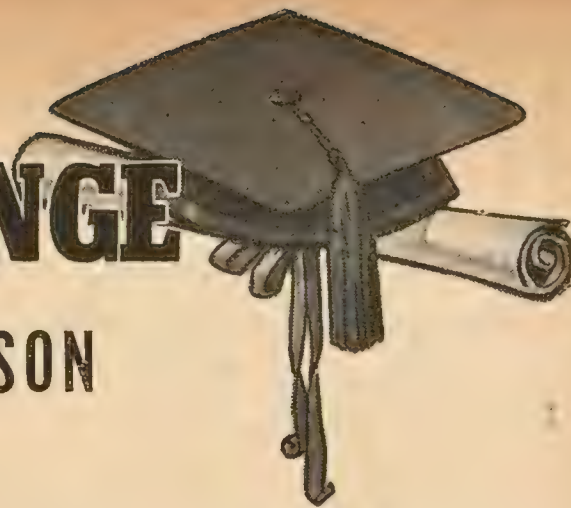
The drop on the ace of clubs had been particularly fortunate. Although the finesse of the eight of diamonds appeared the logical play, Langdon led the five from dummy and went up with the king. He then took the queen and jack of diamonds. On the next trick, the eight of diamonds was taken by Prince Zumagae with the nine, and the balance of the tricks were needed to fulfill the contract. The five remaining cards in each hand were:

♠ K 3			
♥ 4			
♦ NONE			
♣ Q 10			
	N.		♠ NONE
♠ J 10			♥ NONE
♥ Q J 9			♦ NONE
♦ NONE	W.	E.	♣ J 9 7 6 3
♣ NONE			
	S.		
♠ 8 5			
♥ A 10 8			
♦ NONE			
♣ NONE			

To this point the discards had been perfect, and on East's forced lead of a club, South gave up a spade and West a heart. This trick went to North, and on the lead of the last club, West was helpless. If he let go a spade, North would have two good spades, and a heart discard would set up the second heart with South.

Langdon had consummated the rarest play in bridge.

To Parents: A TEACHER'S CHALLENGE



READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BY HAYDN S. PEARSON

Principal of the Bigelow Junior High School,
Newton, Massachusetts

PARENTS, you're elected. You're on the faculty. You are teachers of the 26,000,000 American boys and girls who are going to the public schools of the nation.

Too many parents are inclined to turn the job of education over to the schools. As one who has taught in both private and public schools and is now a school administrator, I want to say with all the earnestness at my command, "Parents, you also are teachers. You have responsibilities that cannot be turned over to the school. The home must be a school."

The average parent has tremendous faith and confidence in the public-school system. Almost a quarter of our nation's population is engaged in organized study. More than 26,000,000 boys and girls are being taught by nearly a million teachers in public schools. The growth of education in the United States is one of the social phenomena of all time. In 1870, 16,000 boys and girls graduated from secondary schools; in 1937, more than 1,000,000 graduated.

This year we shall spend about \$2,000,000,000 of public money for education. The federal government is distributing about \$400,000,000 for education under the term "for the common welfare."

But, parents, there are certain subjects you must teach. If you take parenthood seriously, and want your boys and girls to be ready for life, your schooling in the home, particularly in the first six years, is a determining factor in the success or failure of boys and girls to become good citizens.

First, children should know the meaning of discipline. Honest, firm discipline gives a child a head-and-shoulders advantage in school and life over those who do not have it. I don't advocate harsh punishment. Neither am I going to say that a child should never be spanked! Old-fashioned common sense must be a parent's guide, as it must be mine. But a child should

learn the meaning of "No." A child ought to learn to obey. It means better progress through school. It's a foundation stone for happy and successful living.

Second, teach your children to work. The home and the school have a common objective: to prepare youth for useful and happy living. If we're going to prepare boys and girls adequately for adult life, they must learn to work. Wise parents can find work—if they devote a little time and thought to it.

Third, teach self-reliance. "Apron-string" children have a decided handicap in school. Don't encourage Johnny and Mary to come crying for all the bumps and bruises they receive. Don't pity them if they complain of the roughness of the neighbors' children. Teach them to stand on their own feet, to take the bumps in stride, and to stand up for their rights. Independence of spirit and action is a life necessity.

Fourth, children ought to learn the value of money at an early age and that it comes as the result of effort. Thousands of parents today are harming their children by passing them generous weekly allowances as a free gift. You can find something for them to do if you're willing to take time to do a little thinking about it. Take the time also to help them plan the spending of their money. The way most of us, as adults, handle money is proof that both home and school need to do more in this respect.

Fifth, parents ought to encourage

the trait of curiosity. So far as you can afford it, provide the good magazines, books, and games which are available for all ages. There are splendid picture encyclopedias for children. When a subject comes up, take ten minutes to sit down and find out some facts. Curiosity is the basis of learning. "Wanting to learn" is the foundation of success in school life.

Sixth, teach good manners in the home. Unless your child is a genius, he will have to learn how to get along with others. A little more of the etiquette of "horse and buggy" days would sweeten life's path for many.

Children can be polite and considerate if they are taught to be. We do all we can in school, but the home must teach this, if it does its full duty.

Lastly, you're elected to the faculty to play with your children. Children, as well as adults, need to feel they are wanted. "Dad's too busy," and "Mother doesn't have time," are the saddest of words for a child's mind. Plan your time so you can play together. A few minutes after dinner may mean the difference between a wholesome personality and a warped one. Encourage and join in your children's hobbies. There may be a new one each time the moon changes! That's beside the point in the early years.

There are some two hundred subjects taught in the schools of our country. You in the home and we in the schools will do a better job for our boys and girls, and they will be better citizens, if you consider yourselves elected to the faculty.

THE END

One who has lived and
learned gives you his
seven ways to wisdom



LISTEN, YOUTH!

How Good Are You—Really?

BY ELSIE ROBINSON

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ALL right—let's go!

Where were we last time? Talking about White Collars and Hickory Shirts. Which brought forth an ear-splitting chorus of squawks and hurrahs. Talking about Luck. Which certainly produced a prize crop of pouts! Talking about Honoring Parents . . . when and if. And did *that* get Elsie in Dutch with the Domestic Union? So this time it's going to be about YOU. Young America and nothing else but. Just YOU—and what have you? YOU—and what are you? And I'll give you a tip right now—

There isn't going to be any swing music in this! Nor any kisses and cookies!

So if you bruise easy 'n' cry quick, you'd better skip this article. Or prepare to take it on the chin.

Hitherto I've been mighty soft on you Younger Generations—meaning anything under thirty. Nor have I changed my fundamental attitude. I still think you're the grandest gang that ever came down the pike. I still think you were handed a Dirty Deal by those who went before—and left you the mess to mop up. And I still believe that you're the best hope we have . . . and can hang up the grandest record yet, if . . . *you wanna*.

But the fact remains that many of you "don't wanna" . . . that many of you are trading on pity . . . capitalizing on depression . . . ducking responsibilities, and getting by with murder in general—

So I think it's about time that some one called your bluff . . . and I've nominated myself for the job. And today I'm going to ask you that question which you all must face sooner or later—

HOW GOOD ARE YOU, REALLY? HOW MUCH HAVE YOU, ACTUALLY, ON THE BALL?

No use pretending—you think you have PLENTY. And some of you actually have. Some of you are really three quarters as good as you think you are—which is beating all human records. And ALL of you *seem* good. As a mass panorama, you're easily the best-looking, most charming and facile bunch of brats ever hatched.

But are you actually as slick or as smart as you seem? As useful or as efficient? As deserving of applause and reward?

What's the answer? I don't know. Nobody knows. Nobody can prove anything about you but yourself. But if you hope to make anything of yourself or get anywhere in this world, you'd better start that "proving" process by asking yourself a few uncomfortable questions *right now*, before you knock on the boss's door. Far better to ask them yourself, youngster, than to have *him* give you the workover! So that's the reason for this article. Not just to slam you or show you up . . . but to honestly help you get that Decent Deal you need so badly and to which you feel you're entitled.

Get the drift? Then here's where we start . . . with Vital Statistics on Exhibit A.

First—your age and status. You're eighteen . . . twenty . . . twenty-two. Just out of high school or college. Penniless probably. Depending on the Old Man. O. K.—that's nothing against you. Nothing against you, either, if you're on relief. Or plugging at a WPA project. Times are like that. But now let's see what YOU have to offer in the face of this particular status quo.

As we said before, you've Youth. In all probability, the most scientifically developed and protected youth any American generation has known. From the time you entered kindergarten your health has been guarded as health was never guarded before. I'm not denying that there is hunger today. Tragic malnutrition. Actual starvation in some places. I know these conditions, for I have seen them myself . . . have suffered from them.



Boys and girls, can you take it on the chin? . . . If not, this is not for you!

But such conditions have always existed in every nation. And in comparison with the hardships your underprivileged fathers knew, with their hunger and privation, you've been sitting pretty, kid—even through the depression. The overwhelming majority of you have had a fairly balanced diet. Periodic medical overhauling by school nurses and doctors. Free physical information. Supervised recreation. Compulsory physical training of some sort. And, best of all, sports.

Prior to 1900 it was a case of "the survival of the fittest." In America NOW, practically all of you survive. But sometimes I wonder—

However, getting back to you again. You're young. Chances are you're well. You've had a compulsory education too . . . the high-pressure, gilt-edged, sugar-coated education of the Machine Age which would have made Grampa bug-eyed with surprise! Trick courses in aviation, dramatics, tap dancing, beauty culture, art. And, in between classes and at night, football . . . basketball . . . tennis . . . and dances *ad lib*.

Yes, you've had your fun. You've had your thrills. You've had the most expensive Taxpayer Service this or any other nation has ever given. And now—

WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU? HOW GOOD ARE YOU—REALLY?

You're healthy and handsome—and quick on the trigger. You know all the answers and you've learned all the tricks. You can wear clothes and make gestures. You

What Made Their Hair Grow?

HERE IS THE ANSWER



Thousands recommend KOTALKO, the distinguished hair proprietary because it is a valuable aid to scalp energy which remains the only source of hair growth and the sole resistant against preventable baldness. Is your hair soft, lustrous, beautiful?

Or is it thin, stringy, faded?

Does it enhance your appearance—

or spoil your looks?

You are lucky if your hair is rich in the elements that make for normal growth.

But if it falls out excessively; if you have flaky dandruff; or if there are signs of approaching baldness, act without delay. Send for a sample of KOTALKO, or buy a full supply at the drug store. Do not allow your hair roots to remain dormant, nor let scalp fatigue dull your hair, dim your popularity, or interfere with your charm. To augment your personal triumph, safeguard your hair! Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko send for free sample.

Kotalko Co., A-34, General P. O., New York



ROMANTIC

CROSSWORD CONTESTANTS
Send for NEW Webster's UP-TO-DATE CROSSWORD PUZZLE WORD-FINDER, systematically arranged to help solve quickly most difficult and odd puzzles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price \$1 via AIRMAIL. J. J. MOSS PUB. CO., 203 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.

MEN LOVE GIRLS WITH PEP

If you are peppy and full of fun, men will invite you to dances and parties.

BUT if you are cross, listless and tired, men won't be interested. Men don't like "quiet" girls. When they go to parties they want girls along who are full of pep.

So in case you need a good general tonic, remember for three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps build up more physical resistance and thus aids in giving you more pep and lessens distress from female functional disorders.

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 925 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

Pinkham's is WELL WORTH trying!

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

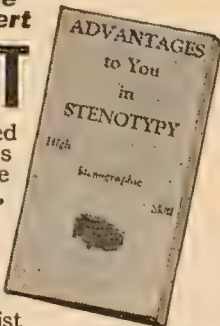
SECRETARIES, STENOGRAPHERS and TYPISTS —Become an Expert

STENOTYPIST

Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier — and you get the credit. Progressive executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation. Stenotypy is easy to learn — easy to write — easy to read. You can now become a Stenotypist in your spare time — at low cost and on convenient terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Advantages to You in Stenotypy," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling how you may master it successfully.

THE STENOTYPE COMPANY

Dept. 331-ST 4101 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



STOP Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING SKIN Quickly

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Easy to use. Dries fast. Clear, greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**.

know a little about almost anything. You can hang up short-time, flash records at almost any job you're given. You're so swift and sophisticated that you can make almost any adult look like thirty cents without half trying.

BUT JUST HOW DOES IT ADD UP?

How much of all this flash and sparkle actually means anything?

NOT ONE THOUSANDTH PER CENT!

The pathetic truth is, youngsters — mobs of you are as synthetic as rubber cherries. Just a bunch of Charlie McCarthys! And not worth a tinker's dam when it comes to real activity.

You've had facts poured into you and grooming poured round you. You've been "motivated into mechanical reactions" since you could toddle. You've been taught to TALK brave and bright. Taught to SEEM original and industrious. Taught to LOOK like regular human beings.

BUT IT'S PHONY! FOR BENEATH THE SURFACE GAB AND GLITTER YOU HAVEN'T WHAT IT TAKES.

You can TALK and ACT . . . and POSE and PRETEND . . . and, in many cases, even PRODUCE brilliantly, for a while—

But you can't stick. And that's the test of any man's character, whether he lives in a cave or a glass-brick penthouse.

You're the pushbutton breed. You were served by gadgets since before you were born. You've had seemingly no need for homemade endurance. There was always some machine to do it for you. Some more alluring job if you didn't like the one you had. Even in school there were "guidance directors" to pick your spots for you and help you avoid painful, time-wasting mistakes.

But what has all this done to YOU?

IT HAS TURNED YOU INTO A JUMPING BEAN.

You can give a whiz-bang exhibition of speed and skill for a week or a month . . . but you go into the screaming meanies if you have to plug longer than that without change or risk or excitement.

Why are you tangling so badly with

Industry? Why do so many of you lose your jobs before you've fairly settled into them? That's why. YOU AREN'T A RELIABLE LABOR INVESTMENT.

And again—Why do you make such a mess of Marriage? Or Parenthood? Why does your new wife walk out on you? . . . Or your new husband prove to be a heel? Again that's why. YOU AREN'T FIT FOR THE DISCIPLINE AND DRUDGERY OF MARRIAGE. YOU'RE A BUNCH OF RESTLESS CRYBABIES.

"But why," you say, and sincerely, "should I stick at something if I'm not fitted for it? Or if I don't like it? Or if, by rambling, I can find something I like a lot more?"

HERE'S WHY: BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T STICK AT THE THING YOU DON'T LIKE, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STICK AT THE THING YOU DO LIKE.

Every job becomes monotonous in time. Every boss will become a pain in the neck. And if you're going to let these things get you down, you'll be on the spot for keeps. Endurance and reliability aren't things you learn while you're having fun. They're things you accumulate while STAYING PUT IN A RUT YOU HATE . . . and unless and until you've acquired them, you're still in the monkey class, swinging by your tail, and worthless as a human unit.

So I'm saying again—

When it comes to shaggin' and truckin', you're Terrific. As an "icky" or a "cat" or a "jitterbug," you bend the rafters—and have the cops groggy. But if you have to endure, even for a month, the grind which your forefathers endured when they built this nation — you're a knock-kneed washout!

Not all of you, thank heaven! Nor even half of you. Even at your worst, I repeat what I said at the beginning —you're a Great Gang and the hope of the world. You're fine! You're sweet! You're brilliant! You're swell and game! I'd bet my last cent on you!

BUT YOU STILL DON'T REALIZE, YOUNGSTERS, THAT NONE OF IT WILL WORK . . . UNLESS YOU LEARN HOW TO STICK!

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 44

- 1—Julia Sanderson.
- 2—Neither—it's of the West Indies.
- 3—The British, who finally won the battle.
- 4—William Howard Taft.
- 5—Two.
- 6—The Suez Canal.
- 7—Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.
- 8—Regina, Saskatchewan—named for the buffalo skeletons in the locality.
- 9—Confucius (Kung-fu-tse).
- 10—The eider duck.
- 11—Less—slightly over thirteen ounces.
- 12—Frances Perkins.
- 13—Six.
- 14—Eureka.
- 15—One P. M.
- 16—Twenty-six (thirteen on each side).
- 17—Vivien Leigh, British actress who has played in two films.
- 18—Something to eat, being a fruit.
- 19—No—the wife sits there.
- 20—

Alice Faye

\$2,000 Crossword Contest

NINTH WEEK!

*Which of the Cash Prizes
Will Be Yours?*

Keep Your Entry Up to Date!

THE cash prizes are almost in sight for Liberty's crossworders! One more puzzle after this week's and your contest set of ten will be complete. Be sure to keep your entry up to date now that the finish line looms up. If you have carried your entry up to this point, by all means complete the game. You may win one of the major prizes. Of course you are keeping in mind the brief statement of preference required by Rule 2. Let us emphasize that every entry must be complete with a statement in order to be considered for an award. Also, please do not plan an elaborately decorated entry. Fancywork will have no bearing on the awarding of the prizes. Simplicity is best.

ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS ON PUZZLE NO. 3

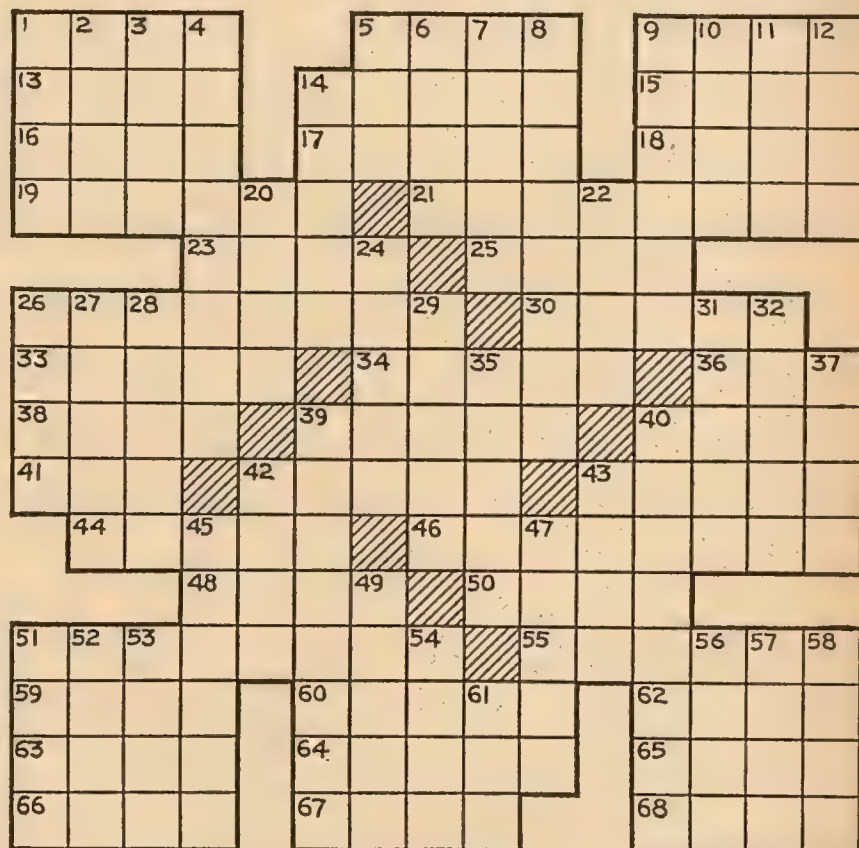
Adjustments made in the final preparation of Contest Puzzle No. 3 in the January 28 issue resulted in inaccuracies in two of the vertical definitions. While the horizontal definitions made the intent of the construction self-evident, we publish this official change as a definite instruction to all contestants. Please change vertical 35, now appearing as "Assumed a reclining position," to "Prevaricated." Please change vertical 46, now appearing as "To pay divine honors to," to "Pays divine honors to." With these changes made, all misunderstanding as to the puzzle maker's intent is removed.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	\$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each \$10	200
200 PRIZES, Each \$5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.
2. When you have solved all ten puzzles, enter them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words on the subject, "The Story, Article, or Feature I Have Enjoyed Most in Liberty During This Contest, and Why."
3. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the \$500 First Prize. The next best will receive the \$200 Second Prize, and the next best, the \$100 Third Prize. In the order of their excellence the next twenty will be awarded \$10 each and the next 200 will receive \$5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
4. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORDS EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
5. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, March 30, 1939, the closing date of this contest.
6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 9

By LEE PASQUIN

HORIZONTAL

- 1 A collar button
- 5 In this manner
- 9 Make less clear
- 13 Container
- 14 Tear away
- 15 Actor's part
- 16 A son of Adam
- 17 Engineer's helper
- 18 Girl's name
- 19 More actively engaged
- 21 Generous
- 23 Domestic animal (pl.)
- 25 Hastened
- 26 Whitens
- 30 Near East title
- 33 Extend
- 34 A runner
- 36 Church vestment
- 38 Twisted to one side
- 39 Ancient (poet.)
- 40 Naval assistant
- 41 Nothing
- 42 To correct
- 43 To speak
- 44 The liquid residue of sugar
- 46 Cutting teeth
- 48 Presently
- 50 The face of a time-piece
- 51 Magnetic
- 55 Jewish quarter

- 59 Climbing plant
- 60 The Mosaic law
- 62 Conjunction
- 63 An Arabian military commander
- 64 Germany's first president
- 65 Nobleman
- 66 Radicals
- 67 Throw off fumes
- 68 Brace

VERTICAL

- 1 Incrustation
- 2 Prohibition
- 3 Employs
- 4 Fineness of feeling
- 5 Prefix: three
- 6 Aid
- 7 Those who enjoy a right
- 8 Strapped
- 9 Weaves
- 10 Wish for
- 11 Arm bone
- 12 Not artificial
- 14 Value
- 20 Every
- 22 Precious
- 24 To be useful to
- 26 A cereal food
- 27 American explorer
- 28 Ahead of time
- 29 Subject of canonization
- 31 West Indian country
- 32 Village in Erie County, New York
- 35 Yielded
- 37 Great mass of floating ice
- 39 Merchant who brings goods from abroad
- 40 One trained to contest in feats of physical prowess (pl.)
- 42 Female relative
- 43 One of the United States
- 45 A swift horse (pl.)
- 47 A number
- 49 The wife of Amphion
- 51 Always
- 52 A fruit
- 53 Girl's name
- 54 A tribe of North American Indians
- 56 Pronoun
- 57 Ancient seat of Irish kings
- 58 Merely
- 61 A large boat of ancient times

RISE OF EX-CONVICT

DALLAS, TEX.—It was with a great deal of interest that I read both articles in December 10 Liberty concerning the poor sucker that blames our prison and court systems for his inability to go straight. That's human nature.

Six-Time Loser bellyaches that they didn't give him a chance. When he asked for a job, the only reference he could give was the penitentiary. He's too busy feeling sorry for himself—the proverbial tail well up between his legs—to get down to the bottom of the real trouble: himself.

Briefly, I've gone through the mill. I thought the judge



unreasonable when he handed me six years. I worried the poor man to distraction with countless letters calling to his attention cases where sentences of one, two, and three years had been assessed for similar violations.

Termination of a vacation in a resort with high walls bristling with machine guns does not mean that the sentence is finished—that the debt to society is paid in full. Like a high-school diploma, this is the commencement of the real struggle.

Let Six-Time Loser start digging ditches. He won't need any gilt-edged references for that. Soon he will be leading the ditch-digging gang, if he puts forth a real effort, and building his own references. In a year or two

he will be so all-fired busy trying to make good with the present that his returning self-confidence will crowd out the unfortunate interlude—the past forgotten. He must find himself first.

My first job in making a comeback was that of a hospital orderly, mopping tiled floors and toting bedpans, at nine dollars a week, in a contagious ward. A twelve-hour day, seven days a week. It was difficult to get a white man to fill this position, but it was what I needed. I had little time to think. This was a long way from my former position of six hundred dollars a month. It has taken exactly ten years to get back to that—in another line, however.

While incarcerated, I was thrown in with murderers, white-slavers, dope fiends, and mail robbers. This did not make me one of them, because I did not wish to be one of them. I frequently visited with Dr. Frederick Cook, discussing with him his North Pole adventures over his needlework—needlework that would be the envy of the finest seamstress in the land.

There are organizations to help the ex-convict. Some of them are all right. That is, their intent and purpose is commendable. Others are a huge joke. In my judgment, the points against them greatly outweigh those for them. Suggested government schools for unfortunates' rehabilitation would merely prolong the comeback. Just another reminder that the individual is an ex-convict.

It is true that, when released, he goes out and looks for a job. It is necessary that he present some background. What shall it be? Gray walls, or calloused hands? You'll be surprised how readily the latter offsets the former.—Formerly No. 28760, Leavenworth.

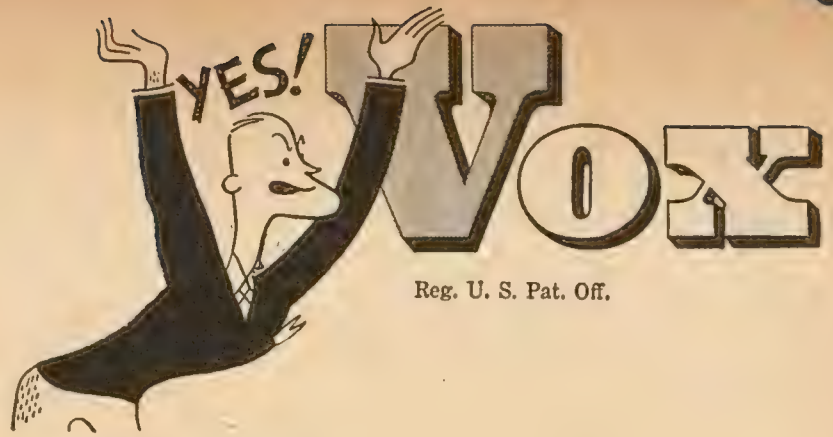
GOPS WANT JESSE JAMES

SEATTLE, WASH.—A story in December 10 Liberty was drawn to my attention by my cop pal at the Seattle Police Revolver Club. There is a bit of rivalry between this club and the Elliot Bay Revolver Club, to which I belong, over who can put the most holes in the black spot on a piece of white target paper. This pal of mine is an expert shot.

After proving how badly he'd beaten me this week, he went on and on about a Jesse James story in Liberty and

how much he'd like to see the author write a second story—one beginning where this one left off.

So I bought a Liberty, and discovered Frank Gruber was responsible for getting me all worked up with his Under Quantrell's Black Flag story. I don't know why, but that story made me live those times. Although I've read one or two Jesse James books, no one else made this character so intensely gripping and realistic. So let's see another Jesse James story soon.—Stafford Lewis.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

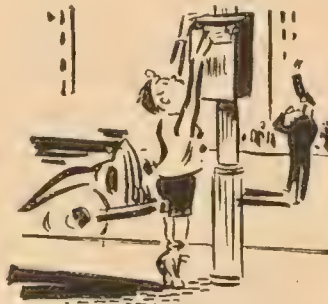
LET THE DUMMY SPEAK!

ON THE ROAD, U. S. A.—Between stops and shows I read your slick magazine. And when I say "slick" I mean just one thing—that you're smooth and tricky. Believe me, as a showman for thirty years, I appreciate your hokum from first-page Macfadden to last-page Oursler.

But why do Liberty authors all pull their punches? You get me ga-ga with your announcements and titles and then leave me flat on my face! Your authors act scared of some big bad wolf.

Tell you what: I've got a dummy that's older than Charlie McCarthy and just as clever. Now, he never pulls his punches. Perhaps only a dummy can say what he thinks, anyhow. So why not hire my dummy as a Liberty author? I can guarantee he's full of ideas and afraid of nobody. He'll teach your writers how to think and deliver the old K. O. with a couple of verbs and adjectives.—Professor Voyd, the Ventriloquist.

[This sounds exciting, and if Professor Voyd will get his let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may dummy to write us a few of his fearless items, we will be very happy to have him in our ranks.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

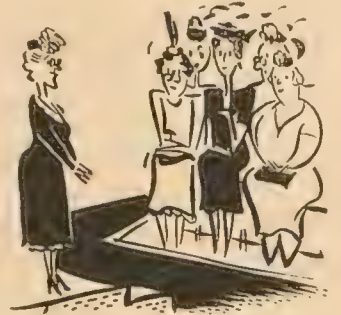


"LIONS LED BY ASSES"

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I have read H. G. Wells' Europe Ten Years from Now (January 21 Liberty) with much interest. I believe the title of Captain Thompson's book, Lions Led by Asses, ought to be framed and hung over the Cenotaph in London. Mr. Wells in his attack on the

British system of "peerage" generals sped some true shafts.

Let the British people find another "Iron Duke" Wellington and the world threat to present-day democracy will be largely a myth. No nation, no matter how psychopathic, wants to tangle with a British army with a leader like that. A. S. Tarbet.



QUICK, THE POWDER PUFF!

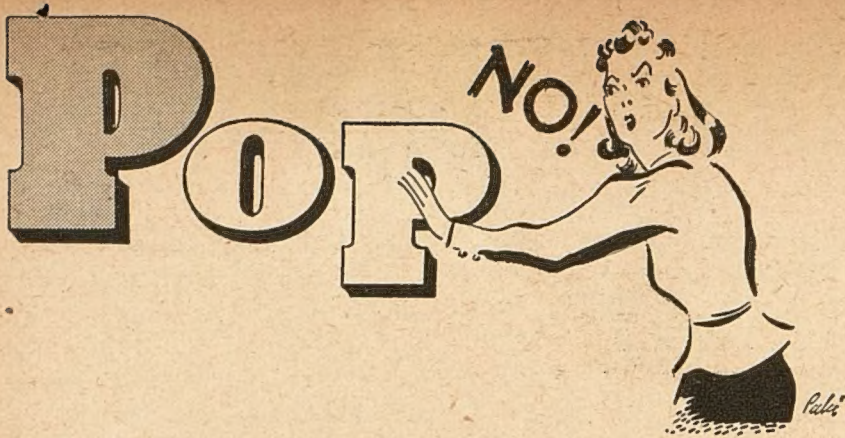
MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Hail to the predictions of Florence Thomas (December 24 Vox Pop) about coming reforms in men's dress. Woman's influence will surely break the slavish adherence of man to his present ugly and unsanitary modes. It is high time something is done to improve the masculine figure. Certainly a man with a slim waist and silk-stockinged legs is a pleasure to behold, and he probably is far more healthy than his paunchy brother. So here's to tight corsets or girdles for men, and more feminine dash and styling in their clothes.—Anne Whomae.

MILK PROVES IT

CUMBERLAND, MD.—The answer is dumb to Question No. 2 in January 21 Liberty. All distillate is clear—not white. Have a glass of milk and think it over.—C. Bixler.

CATCH THE BOMBS!

CONNEAUT, OHIO—Why not a bomb net to catch bombs dropped from the sky before they explode?—A. C. Watson.



SPADE IN SENATE

DENVER, COLO.—That's a fine editorial in January 21 Liberty, but what many Americans cannot understand is why men like Hopkins, Frankfurter, Murphy, *et al.*, are castigated and then approved.

Also, why talk about "free press" when as a matter of fact a lot of bunk was peddled as to the success of the Lima Conference, when in truth it was the biggest "bust" in the history of so-called United States diplomacy?

With the exception of Elizabeth Dilling, no one seems to have had the plain guts to call a spade a spade, as she did before the Senate.—Leon V. Almirall.

WICKETS A FASCIST?

TIFFIN, OHIO—Liberty has published articles on the activities of Communists and their threatening dangers to the United States. I have just read the final installment of your latest series along this line in the January 14 issue: What the Dies Committee Overlooked, by Donald Furthman Wickets.

In the last paragraph of his article Wickets makes the statement that "Fascism is an antidote against Communism." Why did not Wickets suggest American principles? Just why wouldn't good solid-rock *Americanism* make a better antidote?

By making that statement



and by his obvious disregard of American principles, Wickets has convinced me

that he is a Fascist, or at least has strong sympathies toward Fascism.

I challenge the publisher and the editors of Liberty to publish an authoritative and true article on the real status of Fascist activities in these United States of America. If Liberty wishes to keep the public warned of the dangers threatening the American Republic, let them accept my challenge and reveal *all* the dangers.

Your silence on this matter will speak louder than the printed page and we shall believe that the tentacles of Fascism have extended within the doors of your editorial sanctum. Do you accept the challenge?—C. J. Miller.

TO ERR IS HUMAN—

KELLOGG, IDA.—Enjoyed Police and Press, by Fulton Oursler (January 21 Liberty). It was straight to the point. But he made one statement which was untrue when he said the Weyerhaeuser boy was murdered.

It was not the Weyerhaeuser boy, but the Mattson boy, who was murdered. In the Weyerhaeuser case the ransom was paid and the boy was released unharmed.—Bob Turnbow.

[Yes, this was an error, as hundreds informed us, but it was due to a typist neglecting to make the correction. However, in the speech as delivered by Mr. Oursler before the graduating class of the Police Academy of the F. B. I. from which this article was taken, the error was not made.—Vox Pop Editor.]

REGISTERS A BEEF

ST. LOUIS, MO.—After being highly entertained by your department, we feel that we are entitled to register a beef.

In the issue of January 14, 1939, my constituent and I decided to enter your Crossword Contest. After working the first puzzle we practically had the \$500 spent. But what happens? In the very next issue they ring in a Theodore Shane "Cockeyed" brain storm on

us. We object! Let's have no more of this tomfoolery.

Our Star and Bell ratings are as follows: Vox Pop 4, Short Stories 3, Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 2, Questions and Answers 1, Theodore Shane 0000.—Charles and Joe.

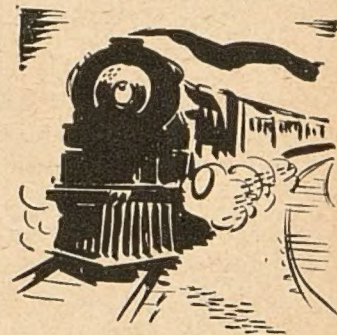
LIBERTY BELL'S CRACK

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Our friend Robert Pease (January 21 Vox Pop) has evidently forgotten that the sound of our Liberty Bell has been sent over the air more than once, the last time being when the Mayor of Philadelphia, during the 150th anniversary of the Constitution, struck it with a rubber mallet and the sound of the bell was then heard over a national broadcast. It was then decided that this must be the last time the bell be sounded, for the crack which was caused when the bell was rung for the death of a Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court has become much wider. The heavy traffic in front of Independence Hall constantly causes this crack to widen.

It may be of interest to know that it has long been a custom here for officers and men of the many regiments in the city, when passing the door of Independence Hall, to raise their hats in reverence to the bell within.—Paul Oliver.

BLOODY NOSE

WELLESLEY FARMS, MASS.—Re January 21 Liberty, I want my nickel back. I always enjoy reading anything Lowell Thomas writes, and today, when I turn to read To the Sky on Skis, the printer or somebody has gone and had a bloody nose all over the page and I can't read it.—M. D. Maccabe.



BUTTONS FOR GARNER

MARSHALLVILLE, GA.—If Harry Hopkins had had the gray matter it generally takes to hold an important office such as he has had for six years, why didn't he have the WPA workers make up 45,000,000 "Garner for President" buttons?

Harry Hopkins will go down in history as the greatest financial marvel. He never really earned a dollar in his entire life, yet he had the spending of over \$12,000,000,000!—W. W. Moore.



"Your razor strap is out in the woodshed, pa—don't you remember where you left it last night?"

NO, WE DON'T ADMIRE BANDITS

A SURPRISING NUMBER of letters have come to us, not only from the United States but from Canada, taking us to task for printing an approving review about the current Hollywood production called Jesse James. The following is typical:

"Et tu, Brute? How do you reconcile your declared editorial policy of lending your great influence to the war on crime with the admiration which you have expressed for the picture Jesse James? Don't you know that Jesse James was a gangster of his day just as Al Capone was of his? Don't you know that Jesse James was a murderer as well as a thief? Don't you know that boys will be led to admire this bandit, seeing this picture, and that you are helping them to do so by urging them to go to see it? We think you should be damn well ashamed of yourself."

WELL, first of all, we haven't seen the picture. Our critic, Beverly Hills, judges pictures, of course, by their entertainment value, the skill and artistry of the players, and the general merit of the production. We leave Beverly Hills unhampered in these judgments. Furthermore, some of the most outspoken and courageous workers in the war against crime and juvenile delinquency have liked this picture.

Having said this, we feel free to go on and confess that we do not like bandits, past or present. We may as well tell the worst about ourselves—or at least part of the worst—and admit that we do not like Robin Hood, either. Legends of such picaresque adventurers, however, do seem to appeal to a great and highly moral audience. Truthfully, we doubt very much if the picture Jesse James will add greatly to juvenile delinquency in the United States. But we believe that a picture of Jesse James as he really was might well have helped to reduce juvenile delinquency by constructively showing without sympathy what all bandits are—rats, cowards, bullies, without gallantry, without courage, without mercy, decency, and, most of all, without intelligence. Hollywood has already done a great job in showing up modern crooks for what they really are. The picture men forswore making heroes of gangsters a long while ago, and gave us some excellent pictures on the other side. . . . People may—and do—criticize Hollywood, yet it remains uniquely in our modern life the last frontier of fairyland. Like the enchanted realms of our childhood, Hollywood is filled with the beautiful and the damned. Hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of American girls would like to get through its mighty gates, storm its ramparts, smuggle through an

underground passage—to get a chance in pictures. How do young men and women really get jobs in Hollywood? The simple and really exciting truth about that is told in Liberty next week by one of cinema's principal scouts for talent—I. I. Altman, of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City. Wouldn't you like a job with M-G-M? Well, next week Mr. Altman tells you how he finds new actors and actresses for the screen of the growling lion. We state unhesitatingly that we consider this new series by Mr. Altman to be one of the most interesting features about the cinema that we have ever published. . . . BE SURE to start the first installment of Amelia Earhart's life story as told by her husband, George Palmer Putnam, in this present issue, and be sure not to miss the second installment next week; it is one of the

best. . . . We also recommend WHY STALIN KILLS AND KEEPS QUIET, by Boris Souvarine; HOW AND WHY WE WANT TO CHANGE THE WAGNER ACT, by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor; I AM A PSYCHIC DETECTIVE, by Horace Leaf, who actually believes in the ghosts he writes about; some really excellent short stories, including RING IN THE SOUP, by Lyon Mearson; and ANOTHER BREED OF CATS, by Louise D. Rich; other features, and installments of Faith Baldwin's REHEARSAL FOR LOVE and Oscar Schisgall's I MARRIED A NAZI.



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—for Liberals with Common Sense

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	Intelligence!! For God's Sake, Give Us Intelligence!	Bernarr Macfadden	4
SHORT STORIES	Marcia Keeps a Date.....	Richard Hoffmann	15
	The Thirteenth Dollar—Liberty's Short Short...	Ned Tomlinson	43
	Last Year's Nest.....	Martha Ostenso	49
	High Stakes.....	Sidney S. Lenz	54
SERIALS	Lady with Wings—Part I.....	George Palmer Putnam	10
	I Married a Nazi—Part IV.....	Oscar Schisgall	24
	Rehearsal for Love—Part VIII.....	Faith Baldwin	34
ARTICLES	Bernard Shaw Answers Frederick L. Collins about Lady Astor..		7
	The Secret Shake-Up in the U. S. Army.....	Herbert Corey	21
	The "Nothing Ball" No One Can Hit.....	Royal Brougham	45
	Hollywood's Books-and-Blondes Man—The Story of Cary Grant.....	Ruth Waterbury	47
	To Parents: A Teacher's Challenge.....	Haydn S. Pearson	56
FEATURES	Listen, Youth! How Good Are You—Really?...	Elsie Robinson	57
	Well, Aren't You?.....	Berton Braley	42
	Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 31; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 33; Twenty Questions, 44; \$2,000 Crossword Contest, 59; Vox Pop, 60.		

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY REVERE F. WISTEHUFF



That taste-good feeling



COPYRIGHT 1939, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

The first taste of an ice-cold Coca-Cola is always a pleasant surprise. And so is the next . . . and the next. Full of life and sparkle, it's a satisfying taste . . . "delicious and refreshing."



ICE-COLD REFRESHMENT . . .
AROUND THE CORNER FROM ANYWHERE

"Clinging to a tiny platform 600 feet in the air puts a big strain on my nerves," says Charles A. Nelson, steel inspector of the New York World's Fair. His rule to ease nerve tension: "Pause now and then —

LET UP_ LIGHT UP A CAMEL"

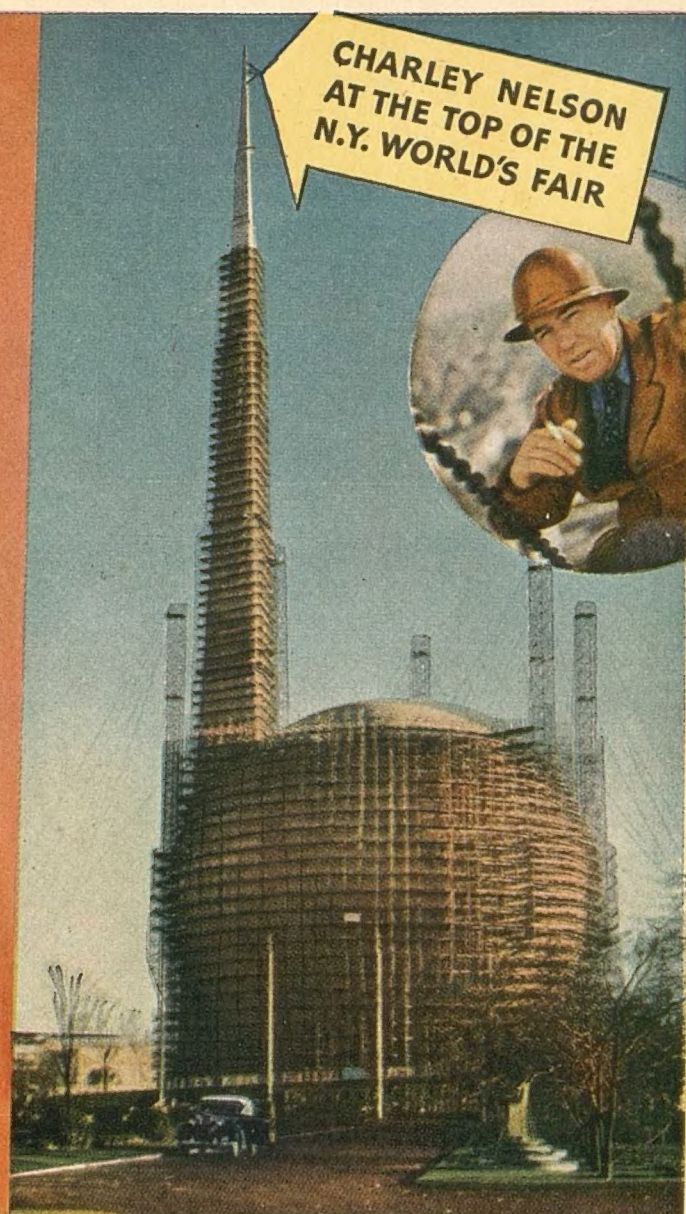
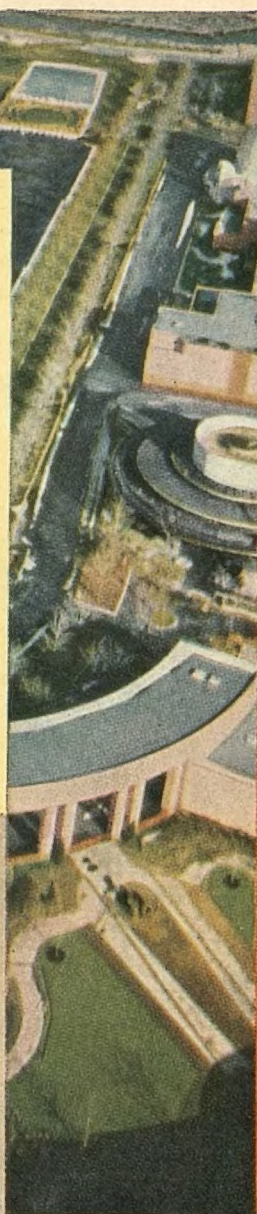


LIKE SO MANY OTHERS at the New York World's Fair, Charley Nelson makes it a rule to break the nervous tension of crowded days by pausing every now and then to let up—light up a Camel. Observe, on your visit to New York's greatest exposition, how smoothly everything goes. Also note how many people you see smoking Camels. There are dozens of sights at the New York World's Fair—but don't spoil the fun by letting your nerves get fagged. Pause now and then—let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette for mildness, rich taste—and *comfort!*



EDDIE CANTOR—Listen in to America's great comic personality in a riot of fun, music, and song. On the air each Monday evening over the Columbia Network. 7:30 p m E. S. T., 9:30 p m C. S. T., 8:30 p m M. S. T., 7:30 p m P. S. T.

BENNY GOODMAN—Hear the one and only King of Swing, and the world's greatest swing band "go to town" in a big way—each Tuesday evening—Columbia Network. 9:30 p m E. S. T., 8:30 p m C.S.T., 7:30 p m M.S.T., 6:30 p m P.S.T.



**CHARLEY NELSON
AT THE TOP OF THE
N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR**

THE GREAT "SPIKE AND BALL" (above right) is the theme center of the New York World's Fair—the Trylon and the Perisphere—7000 pieces of steel joined by a quarter of a million rivets. It's the trying job of Inspector Nelson to check these two huge shells at every vital point. He says: "I've got to know every inch of that steelwork. It's a nerve-straining job, hanging onto girders hundreds of feet up, but I can't afford to get jittery. I *have* to sidestep nerve tension. It's my rule to ease off occasionally—to let up—light up a Camel." (Notes on the two structures above: The great ball will appear to be supported by fountains concealing the concrete foundation pillars. At night, the ball will seem to rotate—an illusion to be created by lighting effects. The towering Trylon will be the Fair's broadcasting tower.)



300 FENCING MATCHES and exhibitions are credited to Rosemary Carver, expert with the flashing foil. "Fencing drains the nerves," she says. "But I can't take chances on being tense, jittery in the midst of a fast parry or lunge. Through the day I rest my nerves—I let up—light up a Camel. I find Camels soothing, comforting. And Camels *taste* so good!"



**SMOKERS FIND
CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE
SOOTHING TO THE NERVES**

**Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find
out why they are the LARGEST-
SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**